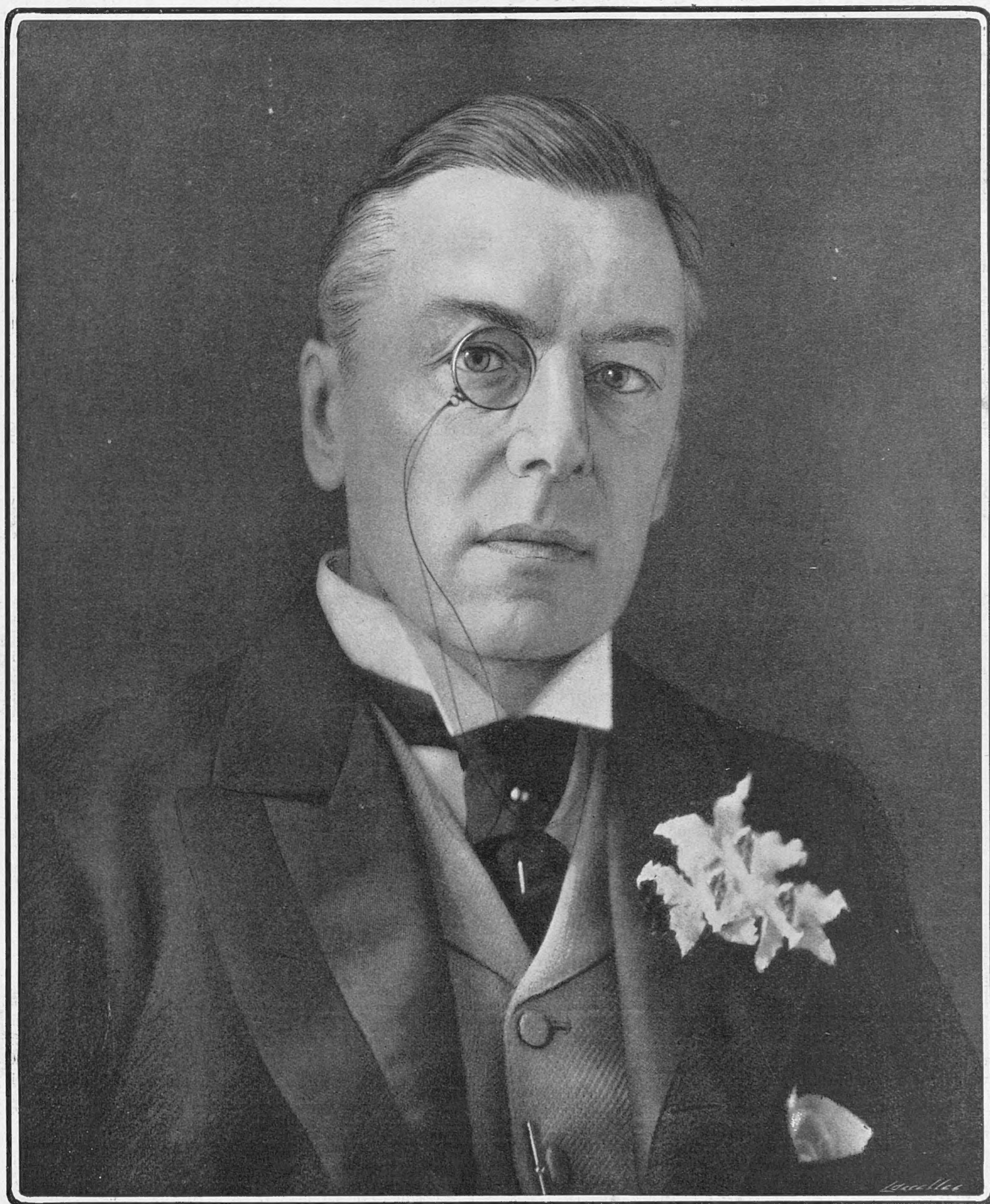




No. 556.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.]

THE EX-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

"You have done more than any man, living or dead, to bring home to the citizens of the Empire the consciousness of Imperial obligation."—Extract from the Prime Minister's historic letter to Mr. Chamberlain (Sept. 16, 1903).



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



BETWEEN the hours of five p.m. and twelve p.m. on Thursday last, I experienced almost every emotion of which the soul is capable. The excitement began while I was dressing. (I am aware that five o'clock is a little early for dressing; but, as you will see presently, I was going to a very early function.) It is a habit of mine when dealing with unruly collars to walk rapidly to and fro between my bedroom and my sitting-room. My collar on Thursday afternoon was particularly unruly, and thus it happened that I was glaring out of my sitting-room window just as Mr. Spencer came sailing across the South of London in his air-ship. Without a moment's hesitation, I threw down the collar and rushed to a small door that leads from my riverside garret to the roof of the house. I am very proud of this exit. I never fail to point it out to my friends, assuring them that, in the event of a fire, I should pop out that way without the least difficulty. On Thursday, however, I didn't, so to speak, pop. To begin with, the key refused to turn in the door, and then, when the door was opened, I found it necessary to strike several matches before I could find my way up the ladder. At the top of the ladder I came to another door, securely bolted. When, at last, trembling but triumphant, I gained the roof, my dress-shirt, to say nothing of the rest of my attire, was not to be regarded without tears.

But I had no time to bother about shirts or tears just then, for the air-ship was drawing nearer every moment, and I could distinctly see the tractive screw whizzing and the swaying canvas rudder. At that moment it occurred to me that I ought to get my glasses. Down the ladder I plunged, therefore, snatched the glasses out of the drawer with feverish hands, and scrambled up to the roof again. With the aid of the glasses I could distinguish the frail car and the plucky aeronaut himself. In the streets below, every soul was watching the progress of the air-ship; yet one man in a yard at the back of my house continued, throughout the whole of that breathless time, to chop wood. By-and-by, the air-ship disappeared from my view, and it was not until later in the evening that I learnt of Mr. Spencer's failure to round St. Paul's. For my own part, I crawled down the ladder again, and laboriously changed all my garments. But not for one moment did I grudge the time and trouble. The impression made upon me by the sheer pluck of the thing was not to be easily removed. Even the other emotions through which I was destined to pass that evening did not drive from my mind the picture of that little scrap of humanity, calmly gliding and tacking across the miles of hungry rocks that we call London.

At six-fifteen I was due to attend a quiet little dinner at a quiet little Club. The dinner was in honour of a quiet little dramatic critic, who is about to become the quiet little President of the Club. "Of which," as the *Referee* says, "more anon." Just as the dinner was becoming interesting, the quiet little critic was obliged to hurry away to the first performance of "The Flood-Tide" at Drury Lane; two or three of us—not quite so quiet as the critic, perhaps, but far less important—went with him. If there is a certain amount of excitement in dining with a dramatic critic, there is much more excitement in hearing several dramatic critics discuss Mr. Cecil Raleigh and his work. Some of them laugh, I notice, and some of them sniff, but every man of them seems to find the subject an inspiring one. Perhaps that is because Mr. Raleigh makes a great deal of money out of his dramas. Mind you, I don't know anything about these matters, but I have observed that a man who is making money generally excites discussion. As for "The Flood-Tide," the critics admitted that they, personally, were amused by it, but they doubted whether the public

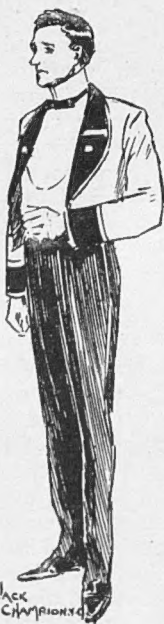
would see the humour of the burlesque. That is the admirable characteristic of the critics: they are always very anxious lest the public should fail to appreciate the dainties of the theatrical table.

My readers will have gathered from various sources that "The Flood-Tide" is a mock melodrama. Instead of writing the play with his tongue in his cheek, Mr. Raleigh has—if I may continue the metaphor at the risk of being vulgar—put it out. The result, though a little shocking, is very entertaining. Whether the dramatist will be able to repeat the joke next year is none of our business; that is a matter that concerns himself and Mr. Arthur Collins. But the dear public, as everyone knows, is always anxious to peer behind the scenes, and I think they will be interested, for once, at any rate, to see a melodrama taken to pieces and put together again. As for the acting, the great success of the evening was scored by Mr. C. W. Somerset as a lunatic millionaire. The part, in itself, was a poor one, but Mr. Somerset enriched it by drawing upon his own fund of humour. For a more detailed criticism of the play and the acting, I may refer you to that page of judicial wisdom entitled "The Stage from the Stalls."

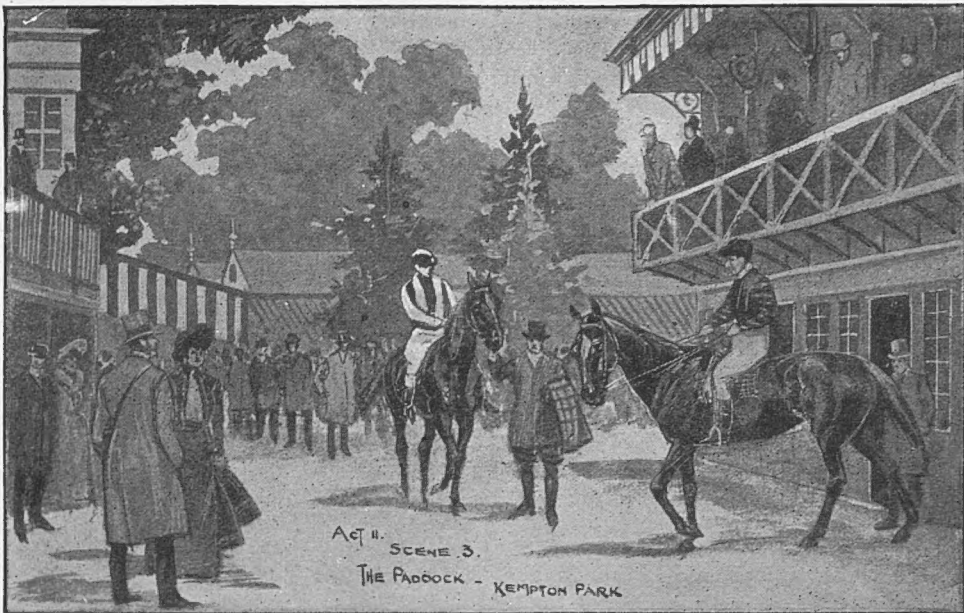
Just as though I needed an additional fillip in the way of excitement, somebody must needs tell me, after the second Act of the play, that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned. I don't know why it was, but I believed the news unhesitatingly; perhaps I placed exceptional faith in the man who conveyed the information. For all that, however, I was eager to buy an evening paper directly I found myself outside the theatre. To my surprise, there was not a paper to be had between Wellington Street and Charing Cross. By way of settling the question one way or the other, therefore, I turned into the Club, but nobody knew anything definite, though all had heard the rumour. I could see at a glance that the majority of the people present didn't believe the report; they were more anxious to talk about the Drury Lane play or the air-ship. One imperturbable gentleman, indeed, began to tell me a story about a dog. He reminded me of the man who chopped wood all the time that the air-ship was passing over his head. I left him abruptly, and went home to sleep a little and wait for the morning paper. When I went into the Club for lunch, nobody wanted to talk of anything else but Chamberlain. Every now and then, perhaps, one would hear the name "Ritchie" or "Hamilton," but that was only every now and then.

The immediate and colossal success of Mr. Balfour's fiscal pamphlet has caused quite a sensation among people who write for a living. Whilst admitting that the little work gives evidence of some literary ability, they assert emphatically that the enormous sales were due to the name of the author. One literary weekly wants to know why the public should have been asked to pay a shilling for a State document that could have been published at a much smaller sum, and suggests, pointedly, that Mr. Balfour should hand over all profits arising out of the sale to a charity. The idea is reasonable enough, but one cannot help feeling that, in a matter of this kind, Mr. Balfour should have been left to decide for himself. It is extremely unlikely that, up to the present, he has considered the question at all; in any case, it is absurd to suppose that, in publishing the pamphlet, he had any desire to make money. One might as well suggest that an engine-driver blows his whistle in order to relieve the monotony of the journey.

THE NEW "MELO-FARCE" AT DRURY LANE.



Capt. JACK CHAMPION
Mr. R. MINSTER



MACNAUGHTON
Mr. C. W. SOMERSET



BARONESS PITCHIOLI
Mrs. BEERDOFF TRER



GEORGE W. CLIPP
Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH



POLLY CHAMPION
Miss C. ROMANE



DICK CHAMPION
Mr. J. H. BARNES



MARIA PITCHIOLI
Miss M. HALSTAN



THE EARL OF SUTTON
Mr. JOHN TRESNAR



MABEL CORRY
Miss THIMM

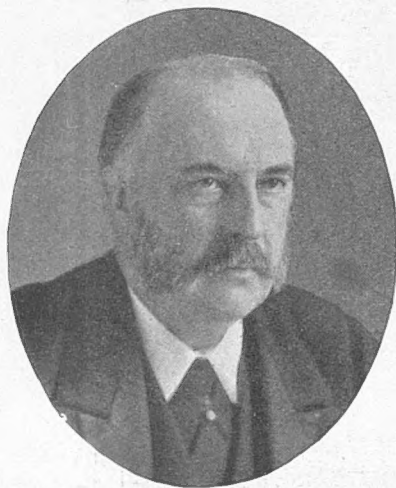


Ralph Cleaver 1903

THE CLUBMAN.

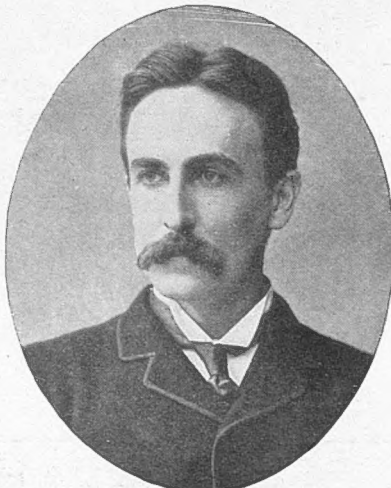
Mdlle. Cléo in Stockholm—Raw Salmon for Dinner—A Floating Market—A Model "Zoo"—A Fancy-Dress Ball.

STOCKHOLM is not a city that one would expect to find wildly enthusiastic over an actress or a dancer, for it is a very modern and very practical and very steady-going town, but Mdlle. Cléo de Mérode, the shapely dancer who wears her hair in *bandeaux* over her ears, has completely subjugated the place. The pretty lady started in the ranks of the ballet at the Paris Opera, and then the Belgians



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,
EX-SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.



Photograph by Russell.

THE HON. ARTHUR R. D. ELLIOT,
EX-FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.

became tolerably familiar with her great eyes and raven tresses and air of sadness. America, that happy hunting-ground of celebrities, did not take very kindly to her, nor did she achieve any great success at the Alhambra in London last year, but she has come to her kingdom in Sweden, and Stockholm has fallen down and worshipped. The students attempted to take the horse out of the cab which awaited her at the stage-door, but students do that sort of thing on the smallest provocation in all the cities of the world. In all the photographers' shops Mdlle. Cléo has the centre of the window to herself; she has been modelled in porcelain, and stands on her toes amidst the mugs and jugs and plates, rabbits and little pigs, in all the china-shops. Every little Swedish composer has dotted down a tune in her honour, and the music-stalls show nothing but serenades and villanelles, vases and polkas, dedicated to her; the jewellers have made a dainty little Cléo clasp in enamels; and, most touching of all, when I lunched at the Ryjberg restaurant the Maitre d'Hôtel insisted on my eating a "Tournedos à la Cléo." Nothing could be less reminiscent of the pale, languorous, slim dancer than the big button of ruddy, juicy beef; but it expressed the admiration of the *chef* more than mere words could do, and Tournedos and a soup made from young nettles have always been the speciality of the house. I essayed several Swedish national dishes, one being a great slice of raw salmon eaten with a sauce of strong, sweet herbs and all the condiments in the cruet-stand. The taste of the raw flesh was not unpleasant; but, on the other hand, it was not as good eating as cooked salmon is, and I shall not astonish my hosts at future dinner-parties in London by asking to have my portion of a Castle-Connell salmon underdone. Once before in my life I have eaten raw fish, and that was in Japan. In one of the restaurants on the hill outside Kiyoto, I supped, some twenty years ago, in thorough Japanese fashion, with musical accompaniment and a ballet at intervals. One of the dishes proudly put down on the matting before us was a live fish on a great china plate. The proprietor of the establishment knelt and bowed his forehead to the ground, and then, with a piece of bamboo, gave the fish a tap on the back of the neck, to which it responded with a feeble flap of the tail; another and harder blow killed the fish, and then it was carved with all ceremony. It tasted, I remember, rather like the gelatine with which crackers are decorated.

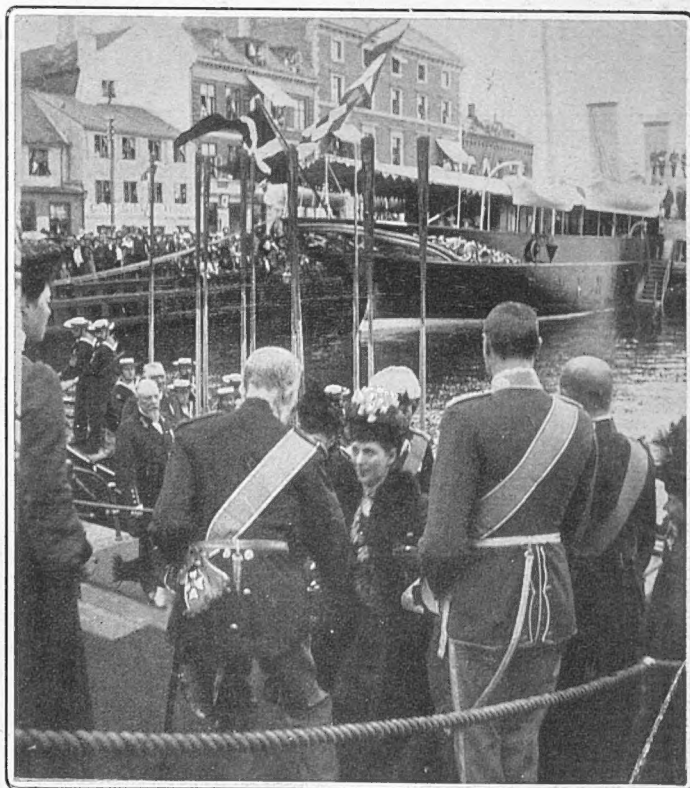
If I cannot say a good word for the raw salmon of Sweden, I can enthuse with all my heart over her "krafstor," the big crayfish of the lakes and the fjords. They are so plentiful and so large that the Swedes do not trouble about their claws, but take the meat from the bodies and stew it in cream, making a most admirable dish. The market, where you can buy your crayfish all alive and crawling by the hundred, is a very picturesque place, for it consists of three long rafts floating on the water. On these rafts the saleswomen have their little cabins and stalls heaped up with every variety of fish. I do not think that I ever saw so many live fish in any market before, for the eels are wriggling, the crustaceans are crawling, and the sea-fish flapping in tubs and tanks and boxes at every stall. In most of the little cabins there is a telephone, for Sweden rivals Norway in her universal use of the electric talking-wire.

Stockholm has the most perfect Zoological and Botanical Garden that I have seen anywhere in the world. It is on an island, one of the many pieces of land, great and small, on which the capital is built, and it combines instruction and amusement in a very pleasant manner. If the Regent's Park were an island and half of it were forest-land; if the animals of the "Zoo" were put here and there in the park in cages and enclosures large enough to give them full movement for exercise; if all the rare plants in the Botanical Gardens, its collections and flower-beds, reinforced by the special attractions of Kew, were to be found in the great enclosure; if band-stands and tea-kiosks and dancing-platforms were to occupy central positions, and if the admission to this great park were one shilling, then London would possess something like the Stockholm Skanse. To make the similarity complete, a great avenue should be formed just outside the park fence, and there you should find the Criterion and Trocadero Restaurants, the Hippodrome, all the side-shows from Earl's Court, the Tivoli and Pavilion Music-halls, some lager-beer saloons, and the Natural History Museum.

The Baltic was giving a very successful imitation of the great storm in the Channel when the *Argonaut* recrossed it, and the final festivity on board, the fancy-dress ball, was postponed until the quiet waters of the Kiel Canal were reached. Then the ship did itself full justice, and it was interesting to see the dresses that the ladies and the men also had made or composed of the scanty material to be found on board ship. Of course, there were Norwegian dresses and Russian dresses, bought at Stockholm and Moscow, without number; and some of the ladies, ready for all emergencies, had brought fancy-dresses with them from England; but, if I had been judge, I should have awarded the prizes to a lady who embodied the Danish flag, and to two brothers who borrowed some pots and pans from the cook, made some wooden swords, and appeared as Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

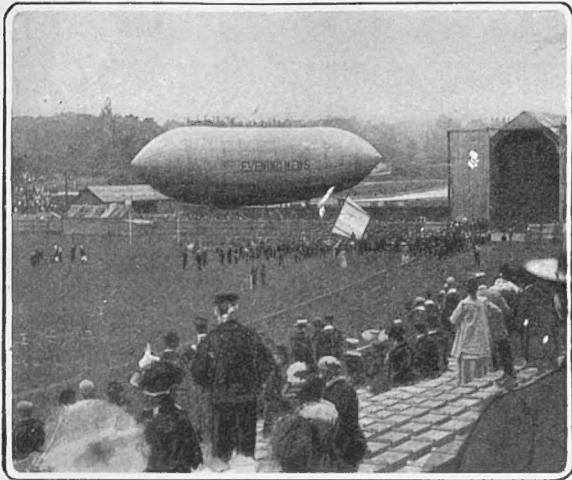
As was generally anticipated of such an uncompromising adherent to Free Trade principles, Lord Balfour of Burleigh has resigned the Secretaryship for Scotland and his seat in the Cabinet, and thus accompanies Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord George Hamilton into retirement. Lord Balfour is a typical Scot of the more robust kind, a Conservative in politics, and a member of the Church of Scotland. He married in 1876 Lady Katherine Gordon, a sister of the Earl of Aberdeen, and during his political career has been Chairman of many important Commissions. He was also at one time a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and has been in attendance on the King at Balmoral within the last few days. The Hon. Arthur Elliot also resigns his position as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, after a tenure of only a few months. Though less known to the public than Lord Balfour, Mr. Elliot, who is a brother of the Earl of Minto, has had a distinguished career. He is a barrister, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a specialist on such subjects as "Criminal Procedure" and "The Church and the State." It is a curious coincidence that, of the five members of the Government who have resigned, four are Scotsmen.



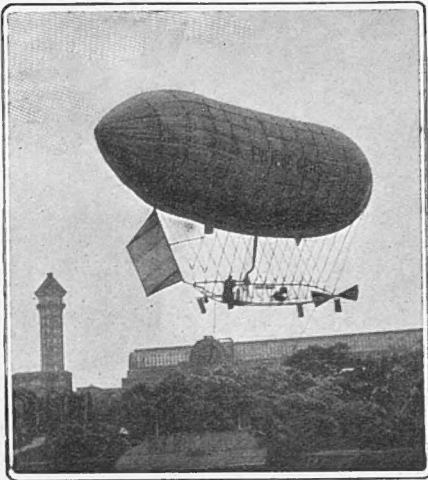
ARRIVAL OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT COPENHAGEN (SEPT. 13).

Photograph by Peter Elfelt.

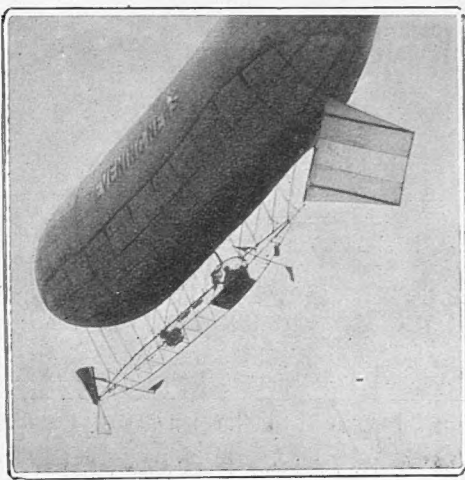
THE LIFE STRENUOUS: THREE EXCITEMENTS OF THURSDAY LAST.



THE ASCENT FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS.

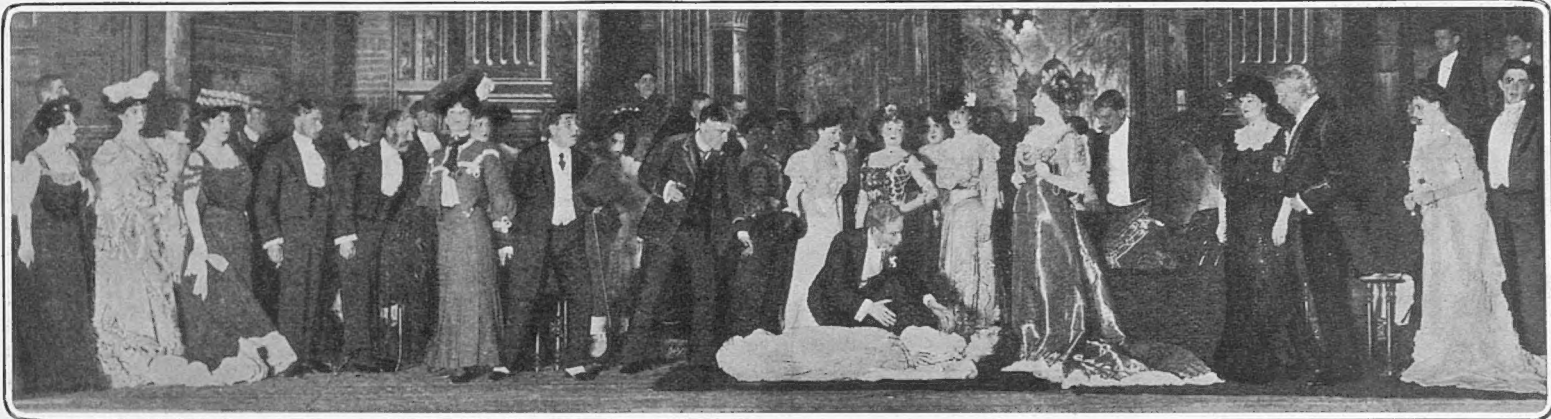


LEAVING THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

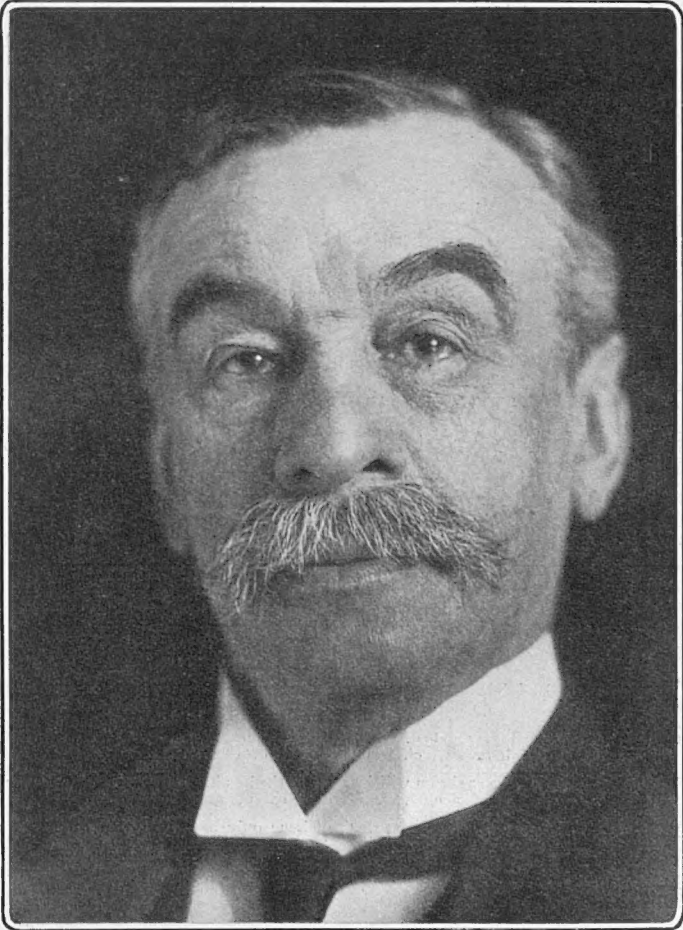


PASSING ST. PAUL'S: THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

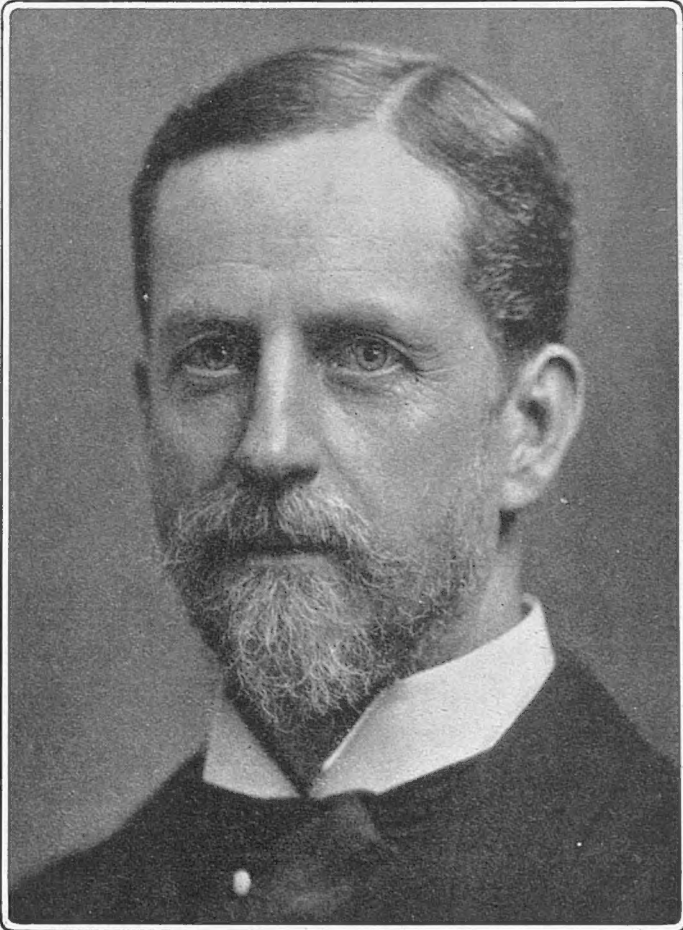
THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD: MR. SPENCER'S PLUCKY ATTEMPT TO SAIL ROUND THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.
(See "Mottley Notes.")



THE THEATRICAL WORLD: A TRAGIC SCENE FROM "THE FLOOD-TIDE," AT DRURY LANE: ACT I.—THE MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
(See Page 340.)



Photograph by Beresford.]
THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, EX-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

THE POLITICAL WORLD: TWO CABINET MINISTERS WHOSE RESIGNATIONS WERE ANNOUNCED ON THURSDAY NIGHT.

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+NEW CROSS	11 45	MARGATE SANDS	10 57
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	- 9 40		

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



GOSBOR

ALTHOUGH the absence of the Queen detracts somewhat from the social brilliancy of Deeside, the presence of the King gave particular *éclat* to the Braemar Gathering, the more so that His Majesty was accompanied by an Imperial guest in the person of the Grand Duke Michael, and by the latter's charming wife, the Countess Torby. During the stay of the Sovereign at Balmoral, no day goes by without his seeing the children of the Prince

and Princess of Wales. Prince Edward is far oftener in the company of his Royal grandfather than was Queen Victoria with her grandsons of Wales, and during His Majesty's recent journeys, both on the Continent and in the lesser-known portions of his own kingdom, the young Princes and the little Princess were constantly reminded of His Majesty's warm affection for them by picture-postcards addressed in the characteristic handwriting of Edward R. and I.

The Queen in Denmark.

After one of the worst crossings ever experienced by Her Majesty, who is, nevertheless, a first-rate sailor, the Queen received an enthusiastic welcome from her own large family-circle and the Danish populace. Fredensborg, the palace where Christian IX. is entertaining at this moment so many of his descendants, has been often described. It is, perhaps, the favourite Danish home of our own Queen, the spot fullest to her of happy associations. This great palace is far more stately than is the more homely Bernstorff, and it is situated at a greater distance from Copenhagen. Fredensborg is famed for the beauty of its grounds, especially for that of the well-named Marble Garden, of which, as its name implies, exquisite statuary is the leading feature. While in residence at this country palace the Royal party enjoy absolute privacy, and often the younger Princes and Princesses go boating excursions on the great lake known as the Esrom So, while the aged Sovereign and his devoted daughters walk and drive in the pretty neighbourhood. Her Majesty will be back in England in time to act as hostess to the King's shooting-guests at Sandringham in November.

The King's Gift to M. Loubet.

His Majesty's gift to the President of the French Republic is one calculated to give much pleasure to the leading French stock-breeders; and M. Loubet, who himself comes of estimable farming people, could not have received a present from his late Royal guest and host which would have afforded him and his aged mother more sound satisfaction. A bull from either the Windsor or the Sandringham herd is a valuable acquisition. Our late Sovereign took an enthusiastic interest in the Royal cattle, and both she and the Prince Consort did all in their power to encourage the breeding of fine animals. Many years have gone by since the then Prince of Wales, addressing a meeting of Norfolk farmers, expressed the hope that he might consider himself as one of themselves. Since his accession, King Edward has never lost an opportunity of furthering the agricultural interest of the country, and it is very evident to those who have had the honour of accompanying the King on the occasion of his visits to the Agricultural Show that he takes a personal pride and pleasure in the splendid animals representing the various Royal farms.

The Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden and Norway

and his son William are enthusiastic tennis-players, and both played with great skill in the recent international tournament in Stockholm when the English players scored so well. All Royalty and the *élite* were present. The Crown Prince's wife is the Princess Victoria of Baden, niece of the Kaiser, and, as she descends from the Wasas, the ancient Royal house of Sweden, in her sons are blended the old and new Royal houses. The handsome Prince Gustaf, the "Sailor Prince of Sweden," was nineteen last June, and came over for the Coronation with his father, when he won golden opinions by his winning and unaffected manners. He is a relative of the Queen.

The Coming Royal Wedding.

Every member of our Royal Family is taking the keenest personal interest in the next Royal wedding; the bride, Princess Alice of Battenberg, being the namesake and grandchild of our King's favourite sister, while the bridegroom, handsome Prince Andrew of Greece, is one of the sons of Queen Alexandra's much-loved brother, King George, after whom, by the way, a fact of which few people seem to be aware, the Prince of Wales is named. The Royal marriage is to be celebrated at Darmstadt on the 17th of next month, and it will form



THE CROWN PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

the occasion and excuse for one of the largest Royal gatherings held since the beginning of the new century. The Emperor and Empress of Russia intend to be present, as do also the German Emperor and Empress, and it is probable that the British Court will be represented by our future King. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, the popular parents of the youthful bride, have asked several English friends to be present at the marriage of their eldest child.

The American Peerage.

Already one Duke and at least a dozen future Peers are half American through their mothers, and it begins to look as if the British Peerage will soon have a very strong admixture of Republican blood in its azure veins. The coming marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe will connect several leading families of the New York "Four Hundred" with our oldest Scottish nobility, and already Miss May Goelet is niece by marriage to Sir Michael Herbert, the brother of Lord Pembroke.

An American Ducal Quartette.

There are, at the present moment, four American women who bear the proud title of British Duchess, but, by a curious coincidence, they share only two titles between them. In point of seniority, the lovely and still youthful-looking Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, comes first,

though originally Miss Minna King, of Georgia, was the widow of an Englishman, the late Mr. Woodhouse, when she married Lord Anglesey.

A Group of American Countesses.

Quite a number of British and belted Earls have wedded American brides. The Countess of Craven was still a school-girl when she became the wife of her good-looking husband. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York, who since their child's marriage have made their home almost entirely in this country. Lady Essex, who is her husband's second wife, was one of the loveliest American girls ever seen in English Society. As Miss Adela Grant, she was at one time engaged to the late Lord Cairns. She is the fortunate mistress of one of the most beautiful and stately of English country-houses, Cassiobury Park. Yet another American Countess is Lady Orford; she married the Peer who bears the honoured name of Horace Robert Walpole fifteen years ago, being at the time Miss Corbin, of New York. The youngest and, it may be said, the fairest of American Countesses is Lady Donoughmore, once Miss Elena Grace. She is one of three beautiful sisters, and was before her marriage very well known in English Society, for her father has made his home in this country for many years past and is now



LADY GREY-EGERTON (MAY, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR J. WAYNE CUYLER, U.S.A.).

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

and her son paid her the pretty compliment of choosing for his wife an American girl, Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, as she generally elects to be called, began life as the daughter of an American naval officer. Her first husband, Mr. Hammersley, left her an immense fortune, and she married some years after his death the late Duke of Marlborough. As a widow for the second time she became the wife of Lord William Beresford, and she is in some ways the most British of the American wearers of the strawberry-leaves, for she has entirely settled down as a lady-bountiful in that most typically English country-town, Dorking. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough, who is, by the way, a namesake and god-daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, was, as all the world knows, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York, a granddaughter of the famous Cornelius, who made the largest fortune the world has ever known.

A Charming American Marchioness.

One of the prettiest and most popular of Transatlantic Peeresses is the Marchioness of Dufferin. She was, before her marriage, Miss Florence Davis, of New York, and at the time she met the late Ambassador's second son, Lord Terence Blackwood, it seemed unlikely that she would ever become a Marchioness. She is very clever and accomplished as well as pretty, and also seems quite content to live entirely in her adopted country. The only other Marchioness of American birth is the Dowager Lady Anglesey, who,

tenant of Battle Abbey. A delightful future Countess is Lady Deerhurst, the wife of the Earl of Coventry's eldest son and heir. She was Miss Virginia Bonyng, of California. Cora, Countess of Strafford, owes her immense wealth to her first husband, Mr. S. Colgate; she has continued since her widowhood to make England her home.

Some American Baronesses.

It is difficult to keep pace with the Barons who have crossed the Atlantic for their wives. The first lady so sought was Miss Helen Magruder, whose wedding to the late Lord Abinger took place just forty years ago; in fact, the same year as that of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Lady Abinger has always been very popular in the more serious section of the great world, and she was one of the earliest and is one of the most fervent of Christian Scientists. Perhaps the most prominent of American Baronesses is the lovely Vice-reine of India; when she married her distinguished husband, Miss May Victoria Leiter became plain Mrs. George Nathaniel Curzon, but she has now been a Peeress for six years. Lady Halkett was Miss Phelps Stokes of New York, and Lady Vernon also belonged before her marriage to the New York "Four Hundred." Curiously enough, only one fair Bostonian has married into the British Peerage; that is the charming woman who became the third wife of the celebrated Lord Playfair, and who was before her marriage Miss Edith Russell, of Boston. Another reigning American Baroness is Lady Newborough, who was Miss Grace Bruce Carr, of Indiana.

Allied to the Nobility.

Many of the most brilliant American women in Society are not actually Peeresses, though in some cases they are closely allied to the great nobility. This remarkable group of Anglo-American hostesses has at least two Queens—Lady Randolph Churchill (who is aunt by marriage to the Duke of Roxburghe) and Mrs. Arthur Paget. Among those who bear courtesy titles, Lady Arthur Butler, before her marriage Miss Helen Stager, the daughter of a famous American soldier, is immensely popular both in Ireland and England; and of Transatlantic wives of Baronets must be specially mentioned the celebrated beauty, Lady Naylor-Leyland, who, as Miss Jenny Chamberlain, was said to be the most beautiful American girl ever seen in London; Lady Grey-Egerton, who was Miss May Cuyler of New Jersey; and last, not least, Lady Harcourt, the wife of the famous Liberal statesman and the daughter of America's greatest historian, Motley.

The Delicate Dollar Question.

The group of American Peeresses, and of beautiful women connected with the Peerage, have more than one claim on the gratitude of their adopted country. Not only have they introduced a brighter and more vivacious tone into Society, but they have brought with them literally millions of pounds sterling. Of them all, no one heiress had so large a fortune as has the Duke of Roxburghe's bride-elect. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the British Peerage alone benefits by this steady flow of American gold to Europe. The great French, German, and Russian nobility numbers many Princesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, and Baronesses of Transatlantic birth. Of these, perhaps the wealthiest is the young Countess Boni de Castellane, who was before her marriage Miss Jay Gould. It is an open secret that the German Emperor at one time treated the witty wife of the late German Commander-in-Chief as his Egeria. This American-German lady, though no longer in her first youth, is still regarded as one of the principal leaders of Prussian Society. Many European diplomatists have profited by a stay in Washington to bring home an American bride, and at the present moment the honours of the British Embassy at Washington are admirably done by Lady Herbert, herself a charming American, who is, as we have already said, an aunt of the Duchess-elect.

Ducal Wedding-Bells.

It is clear that America will enjoy the sound of ducal wedding-bells, for Miss May Goelet has elected to become Duchess of Roxburghe among her own people, though it is very probable that a considerable number of her own and the Duke's English friends will be bidden to brave

the equinoctial gales in order to be present at the eventful ceremony. The last great marriage of the kind celebrated in New York was, of course, that of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, and for weeks before the ceremony the American papers were full of extraordinary details concerning the splendour of the coming nuptials. It is said that Mrs. Goelet and her

daughter hope that on this occasion everything will be arranged in a more quiet fashion. The ceremony is expected to take place at St. Bartholomew's Church, a fine edifice situated on Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. Bishop Potter, one of the most popular and most eloquent of American Bishops, will tie the knot, and the bride will be given away either by her mother or by her good-looking brother, who shares with her the immense fortune left by the late Mr. Ogden Goelet. The future Duchess is passionately fond of yachting, and it is probable that she and the Duke will soon become prominent members of the great yachting world. Miss Goelet's father died while on board his yacht, the *Mayflower*, and both his children have inherited his love of the sea.

Floors Castle.

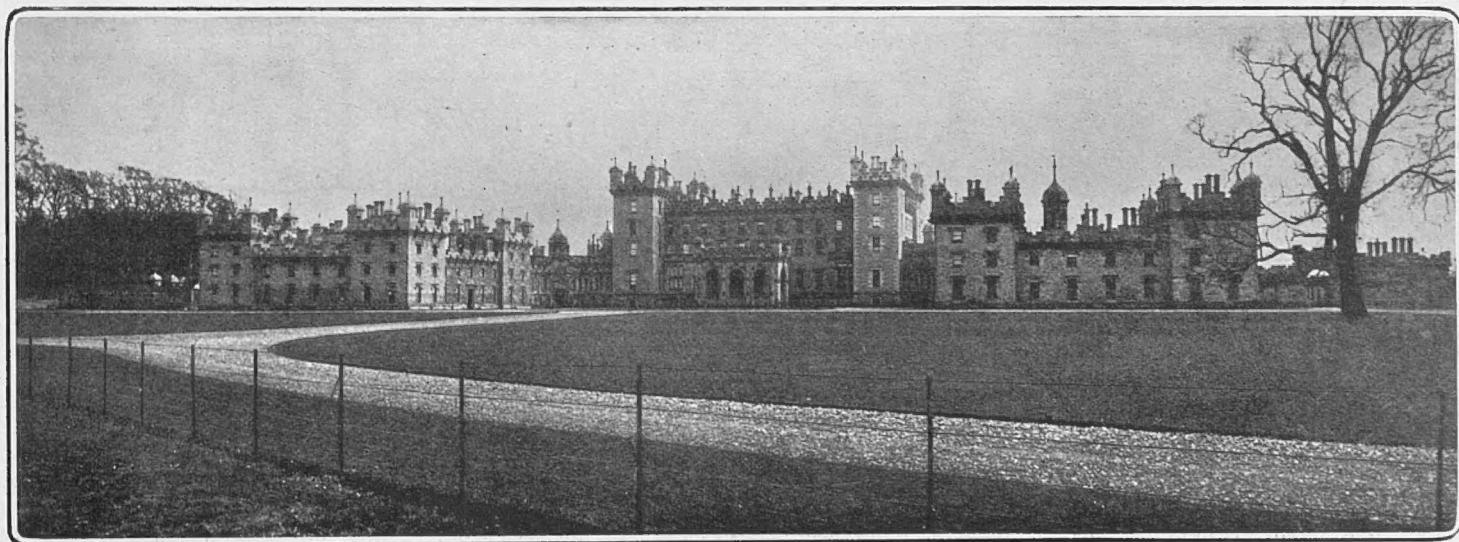
The new Duchess will have a splendid Scottish home-coming when her gallant young husband brings her back from America to Floors Castle, which is in its way quite as imposing a pile as Blenheim. Floors was one of the many stately mansions which owed their being to Sir John Vanbrugh; even among Scottish castles there are few so beautifully situated, for the great façade commands a splendid view of the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot. The gardens and terraces are very lovely, and owe not a little of their beauty to the Duke's mother, soon to be the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who is very fond of the practical

side of gardening. In some ways the most interesting sight in the park is the holly-tree which marks the exact place where James II. of Scotland was killed while besieging Roxburghe Castle, of which stronghold the picturesque ruins are still full of interest to the Scottish historian.

The future Duchess, who is said to be very fond of country-life, will enjoy existence as led in her Scottish home, the more so that the Floors estate is famous for its salmon-fishing. On one occasion, the Duke's mother landed to her own rod twenty-three salmon in three and a-half days, and doubtless among the first guests entertained by the bride and bridegroom will be their future Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, whose love of fishing is well known. Floors has had many Royal visitors, but none very lately. On one occasion, Queen Victoria spent some days there, and the suite of rooms used by her has always remained empty ever since.



THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



FLOORS CASTLE, THE SCOTTISH HOME OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.
Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.

*A Country
"Festa" in Italy.*

A quaint old country bridge, a simple village church, a foaming, rushing stream. Banners waving, peasants singing. Such was the charming result of the solemn observation on Sunday of the yearly village feast (writes *The Sketch* Rome Correspondent). It was the "Festa" of Santa Maria del Ponte. Had not the Madonna herself appeared on this historic bridge? Had she not ordered that a church should be built quite close on the hill near by? Candles and wreaths must be offered, standards and flags must be blessed. So, through the tumble-down archway, over the torrent-swept rocks, up to the church on the hill came the peasants from far and wide. In front, and carrying the flags, came sweet young girls with veils and dresses and bodices all of the simplest white. Behind walked men and youths all dressed in Sunday best; following up in the rear and walking with heavy and visibly tired gait came gaffers and grannies.

All were chanting and singing in praise of the Saint of the Bridge. Thus they had trudged for miles and miles, starting at earliest dawn; tired and dusty and thirsty, they still pursued their way, until now, at the end of their journey, they sighted at last the church. Past the bridge they came, up to the odd little inn, where they longed for a cooling drink, and at last to the steps of the church. Here they paused a moment; hats were doffed, veils were straightened, stragglers awaited. Then the procession re-formed. Into the church they swept in a long, continuous stream; down dipped the flags; down knelt all; up went the hand of the priest. At last the goal was reached, the duty to church was done; blessed were the candles, blessed the flags, and blessed the wreaths, and then was raised the Host.

A moment of silence ensued: then outburst the voice of song from girls and boys and men. Around stood wrinkled dames with dark-brown, sun-burnt cheeks; all remained thus standing and listening to the song. Then, when the service was finished, they slowly turned and left. Santa Maria del Ponte had been prayed to and honoured by gifts; now came the "Festa" outside; now for the food and drink. Round at the foot of the church, up all the lanes near by, horses and mules and donkeys were browsing and resting in peace.

In front of the inn, booths, carts, drays, and stools were standing in promiscuous, heterogeneous muddle. Tables, benches, chairs were stormed by the hungry, thirsty, tired "contadini." Soon they were eating—too ravenous to talk—the varied supplies there offered for sale on each side; roast pork cut fresh from the fizzing, baking pig,

vegetables of every imaginable kind, fruit in most diverse abundance—all were tackled in turn. Casks of white wine and red, barrels of light, foaming beer, bottles of simple "gazosa" (our ginger-beer), were emptied and sold and drunk. All was a maze of colour, a hum of busy delight, a scene of unmingled happiness.

The Crinoline.

The awful rumour that crinolines were once more coming into fashion may be considered settled once and for all by the statement of M. Worth, who should know

all about it if anyone does. The great arbiter of fashion says that no dressmaker has ever dreamed of resuscitating such an unæsthetic costume, and that what gave rise to the report was probably a dress which was made in the spring and was slightly puffed out at the sides. This caused some people to think that dresses puffed out with crinolines would be the natural sequence; but M. Worth says that, for several years to come, tailor-made dresses for the morning, and soft, clinging robes for the evening, will be the fashion in France. The dictum of so great an authority will be a relief to many minds.

Housewives and others will have noticed of late that the price of sardines has gone up, and that they are now twice as expensive as they were a year ago. This is owing to the fact that the sardine has almost entirely disappeared from the coasts of Western France, where it used to be caught in large numbers and to provide a livelihood for a large population. So serious has the situation become that the French Government has appointed a Commission to examine into the question, to find out why the sardine has deserted its accustomed haunts, and to suggest some means for bringing it back again.

The Londoner at this time of year finds his streets full of strange people from the provinces and abroad. Most of these pilgrims are easily told from the Londoner by their dress and by their

habit of looking about them, in which they differ from the native, who never looks at anything and generally passes by with indifference buildings which deeply interest the visitor. But there is one means by which the stranger within our gates may be infallibly detected, and that is by his inability to keep to the right. He, and even more often she, will insist on wandering about the streets at his own sweet will and in cannoning against passers-by by going on the wrong side of the pavement. The inability to keep to the right is an infallible sign of the stranger, who goes home with exaggerated ideas as to the difficulty of getting about in the Metropolis.



MISS DELIA BERESFORD IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Regent's Park.

Stepney's Darling. Major William Eden Evans Gordon is well known in Society, both on his own account and also as the husband of Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, sister-in-law of the present Marquis. From Cheltenham he passed to Sandhurst, and, after spending more than twenty years in the Indian Staff Corps, he

which darkened all the later years of his father's life. It is an open secret that the late Mr. John Walter, who reigned at Printing House Square for nearly fifty years, twice refused a Peerage. The only Walter who ever accepted a title of any kind is Sir Edward Walter, the brother of the late Mr. John Walter, who received a "K.C.B." for his services as founder of the Corps of Commissionaires.

Another Interesting Engagement.

The Hon. Sybil Laura Edwardes, sister of the late and the present Lord Kensington, who was recently married to Miss Pilkington, is engaged to Mr. William de Winton, son of Mr. Robert Henry de Winton, of Graftonbury, Herefordshire. Miss Edwardes was much attached to her late brother, who was only two and a-half years older than herself, and his death in South Africa, of wounds received in action at Bloemfontein, was a terrible blow to her. Miss Edwardes is, of course, the cousin of the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes, who is Maid-of-Honour to the Queen.

Mr. Henley and Coventry Patmore.

A curious correspondence between Mr. Henley and Coventry Patmore is published in the *Life of Patmore*. That *Life* is a clumsy book, but it contains some valuable matter. Patmore wrote to Henley, under date Nov. 8, 1892, complaining that articles appeared in his paper which were more than dubious in respect of good taste. He mentioned that his wife and daughters insisted that the paper should no longer be received into the house, and he added, "I have been reading your poems again with increased admiration of their vigour and novelty; but let me confess they sometimes make me shrink by their peculiar and, to my mind, uneconomical allusions to sex." Henley replied quite meekly: "I am sure you have excellent grounds for saying what you say; but to defend, or rather, to explain my position would be to write a volume about myself, which cannot, as you know, be done by letter."

A Banking Baronet.

Sir Mark Wilks Collet, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday last Thursday (17th), comes of a Manx stock, and obtained his Baronetcy in 1888, during his term of office as Governor of the Bank of England, of which he has been a Director since 1866, for services rendered in connection with the conversion of the stocks known as "Goschens," after their originator, Lord Goschen. His father married the daughter of Mr. Van Brienon, the head of an old mercantile family. Sir Mark has a niece who is married to the seventeenth Marquis de Bourbel de Monpinçon, and another who is married to



MAJOR WILLIAM EDEN EVANS GORDON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR STEPNEY.

Photograph by Beresford.

gallantly led what seemed a forlorn hope in Stepney in 1898 against a strong Labour candidate in the person of Mr. Steadman. Foiled for the moment, however, he came out at the top of the poll two years later. He has a perfect genius for electioneering, and not the least brilliant of his strokes was to take a house on Stepney Green and go and live among the people whom he desired to represent in Parliament. In all this work he has been enormously helped by his wife, who is adored by the horny-handed of the East-End, as well as by their wives and children. Stepney is vitally interested in the question of the "dumping"—to use a fashionable word—of undesirable aliens on these hospitable shores, and Major Evans Gordon shares that interest; indeed, he objects altogether to the said dumping.

A Future Anglo-American Duke.

Little Lord Blandford, the Duke of Marlborough's son and heir, will in due course become the second Anglo-American wearer of the strawberry-leaves, the other, of course, being the present Duke of Manchester. Lord Blandford was six years old last Friday (18th), and his sturdy-looking little brother, named Ivor after his great-uncle, Lord Wimborne, and Charles after his own father, will be five next month. Lord Blandford's birth was celebrated with great pomp in the neighbourhood of Blenheim. He had as godfathers our present King and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, his youthful-looking American grandfather. Both little boys seem to have inherited the good looks which have always been traditional in the family founded by "handsome John Churchill." They are being brought up in the English rather than in the American fashion, and their names rarely if ever appear in the lists of those small folk who attend fashionable children's parties.

An Engagement of the "Times."

The engagement of Mr. John Walter, of Bear Wood, to Phyllis, youngest daughter of Colonel Charles Foster, of Buckby Hall, Northamptonshire, is particularly interesting because Mr. Walter, as the elder son of Mr. Arthur Fraser Walter, is in the direct line of succession, the Prince of Wales, so to speak, or heir-apparent of the *Times*. Mr. John Walter celebrated his thirtieth birthday last month. He was very much liked at Christ Church, where he was known as "the bear," in allusion by no means to his temperament, but to the name of his ancestral acres. The name John is traditionally given to the eldest son in the Walter family, and though an Arthur now rules at Printing House Square, this is due to the fact that his elder brother, John Balston Walter, was drowned in the lake at Bear Wood on Christmas Eve, 1870, a tragedy



SIR MARK WILKS COLLET, BART., DIRECTOR AND EX-GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Photograph by Beresford.

Mr. Arthur Somervell, the well-known composer. The baronet has a beautiful place in Kent—St. Clere, Ightham—and when in town in Sussex Square he is close to his married daughter, Mrs. F. H. Norman, who lives in the same Square. His son and heir, Mr. Mark Edlmann Collet, was at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

There is a gentleman in Paris who is following the march of events in the Balkans with more than a little interest, and that is Prince Don Juan d'Aladro Kastriotis, the Pretender to Albania's throne, as he, a trifle arrogantly, calls himself, or "Albania's Spaniard," as they contemptuously call him at the Turkish Embassy. Prince John is Spanish on his father's side, Albanian on his mother's, his mother tracing her descent directly from the famous Kastrioti Skanderbeg, Albania's one historic hero. He is a quiet and peace-loving man of middle age, and, though I feel sure that he would a great deal rather live on in his pretty little *garçonnière* out in the Avenue Henri Martin than assume the responsibilities of rulership, he told me, when, some time since, he invited me to luncheon with him at the Terminus, that he was ready to lead the Albanians into the field against the Turk as soon as he saw chances of success. He said then that the ball would probably begin in Servian or Bulgarian quarters, and he was very right; and in Prince John's opinion a long time will not now elapse before his



METO, ONE OF THE ALBANIAN CHIEFS, IN GALA COSTUME.

own folk, the Albanians, surge up against the Sultan and attempt to throw off his rule.

Of course, the Albanians are warlike folk, but their chief pleasure is in fighting one another—or, at least, I gathered so—and it is by no means an easy thing to group them into one solid army. However, Prince John is ready, but, if he ever be established as a ruling Prince, he will, I know, regret the little house and the big library in Paris which he leaves behind him. Numbers of the leading Albanian chiefs have been here at short intervals of late though, and it is well within the bounds of possibility that we may hear some more about Prince John before we are much older.

A little group of well-known writers and artists, friends and admirers of the late Emile Zola, have decided to celebrate the first anniversary of the great writer's death by a pilgrimage, on the 29th of this month, to his house at Medan, upon the Seine, where most of his best later work was written. Among those who will gather round Madame Zola in the huge work-room with the motto "Nulla dies sine linea" above the mantelpiece—up to which Emile Zola lived until his tragically sudden death—will be Jules Claretie, Georges Clémenceau, Gustave Charpentier (the musician), his homonym the publisher who was the writer's friend through life, Octave Mirbeau, and many others known to fame. Medan, particularly the writing-room where Zola worked, is to my mind extremely typical of the real inner Zola, the man whose mind conceived a fiction family where other authors would have built a character, and who wrote a library where others might have written just one book.

Zola was big in everything, and though the facts that he could not write comfortably except in a huge room, at an enormous writing-table, and with a pen like a wooden sausage in circumference

may sound irrelevant, I do not think they are so. The outer Zola was as different from his big mind as man can be, a bashful and retiring personality who hated any fuss to be made of him.

Victorien Sardou, the veteran playwright whose "Sorceress," a story of Toledo and the Inquisition, is shortly to be staged by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, is now in Marly, searching for the summer, as he wrote to a friend the other morning. Sardou is quite a marvel of perennial youth. Though he is seventy-three years of age, he grumbles because his long hair is just beginning to show signs of grey, and walks at least four miles a-day for fear of getting fat. He is up soon after six each morning, and sees no visitors on business after nine a.m., and not a day but he achieves some task or other and puts in at least five hours' work. The old man, who is very pleased with the success of "Dante," is busy with a history of his house at Marly, which house, he tells me, is replete with real historic interest.

One of the anecdotes about it in his own time is amusing, and shows the widespread reputation of the man, though that was not the reason why he told it me. When, in 1870, Paris was in the throes of the Siege, and Sardou, in Paris, was in those of hunger, the Prussians came to Marly. The servants feared that they would sack the house; but when they heard to whom the house belonged, they treated everything with great respect, except a manuscript of "Patrie," which they found on the writing-table. This manuscript the officers perused, and all of them wrote criticisms in the margins. "And when I got back," Sardou added, "a lot of cards with names of every 'von' in Germany were pinned to 'Patrie.' Some of the criticisms were very trenchant, and all of them were carefully considered. Most of the 'vons' liked the play, but one or two were very rude indeed to it."

ROME.

The three sisters of the Pope, cheery, humble peasant women, arrived this week in Rome. They were full of trepidation at seeing for the first time the palace of the Pope, the haughty-looking Swiss Guards, and all the other protectors of the rambling, ugly building called the Vatican. Not exactly afraid, but certainly shy they were at the prospect of again seeing, but now for the first time as head of the whole Roman Church, their loved and loving brother. On entering the Papal reception-room, they immediately knelt and addressed him with the conventional form of appellation, "Your Holiness." "Not 'Your Holiness,'" promptly replied the Pope, "but simply 'Dear brother,' please." And how they smiled and talked and chatted when once the shyness had passed, and how pleasant and melodious sounded the rich, soft, musical dialect of lovely Venice!

They, too, like all celebrities, have been duly interviewed now times without number. According to a recent report, they are not going to reside in the Vatican at all. Nor have they any intention of remaining idle at home. "Our brother says all men should work for their living," said they, "and we are not going to be exceptions to his rule." Pope Leo X. has begun his reign with wisdom. He has ordered his Secretary to state in most clear and unambiguous terms that he disapproves absolutely and entirely of parties and factions in the Church. Christian Socialists, Democratic Christians, or Social Christian Democrats, whatever they choose to call themselves, are to remember that the Church was founded by One who preached and practised real, true brotherhood, and love for God and his neighbour.



THE BALKAN QUESTION: SOME FOLLOWERS OF "THE PRETENDER," PRINCE JOHN.

TWO STRIKING SCENES FROM "RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



The Queen (Miss Lily Brayton), King Richard II. (Mr. Beerbohm Tree).

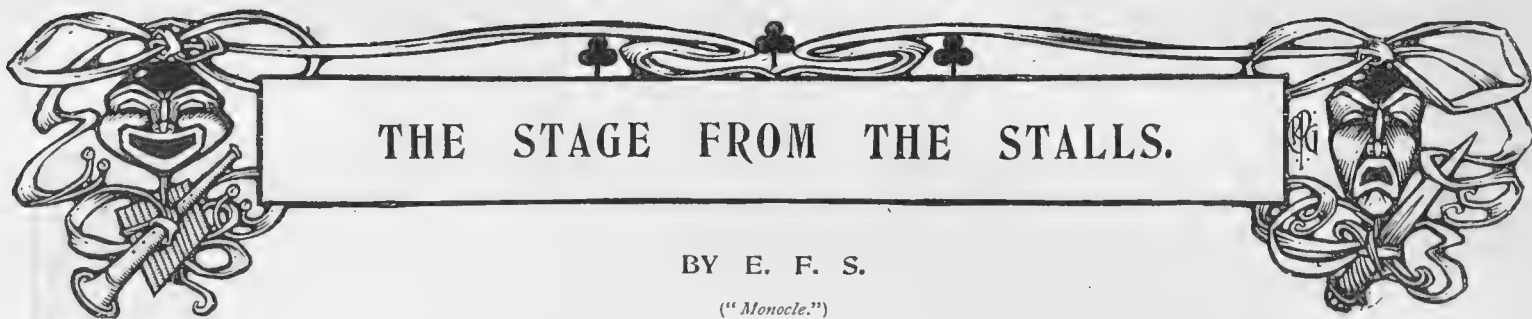
ACT I., SCENE I: GARDEN AT WESTMINSTER PALACE. (W. T. HEMSLEY.)



Henry IV. (Mr. Oscar Asche).

FINAL TABLEAU: CORONATION OF HENRY IV. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (JOSEPH HARKER.)

Photographs by F. W. Burford, Great Russell Street.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE TYRANNY OF EVENING-DRESS—"THE FLOOD-TIDE."

ACCIDENTALLY I glanced at a scrap of newspaper partly covering a parcel and found that it contained a "W. A." article called "Purple and Fine Linen," in the "Study and Stage" series, which I almost invariably read with great pleasure and profit. It expressed some curious views—quite seriously, I believe—that deserve consideration. Madame Jane Hading had been telling an interviewer that, "though she likes English audiences, (she) finds them colder than French ones, the reason being partly, she thinks, our custom of wearing evening-dress at the theatres, which keeps people stiff and conventional. 'You cannot expect people starched up in evening-dress to be enthusiastic. . . . In France it is very rare to dress for the theatre.'" Mr. William Archer is delighted by this. He declares the tyranny of evening-dress one of the most formidable of the many adverse influences with which English drama has to contend. "How," he asks, "is sympathy to penetrate a heart which is cuirassed in triple linen loaded and glazed with starch? . . . Emotion in evening-dress is wholly incongruous. It rumples the breast-plate and disarranges the neck-tie." Let us examine this for a moment. First, there is a suggestion that the shirt-front imposes a physical restraint on the emotions. What sort of shirt does "W. A." wear in the afternoon? Nine out of ten men who appear in evening-dress at the play wear "triple linen loaded and glazed with starch" in the daytime, for they have no specific kind of dress-shirt, and they also have a high waistcoat over it into the bargain, and so are more "cabined, cribbed, and confined" than in the evening-dress, when they wear a waistcoat cut away over the shirt-front space; consequently, if they were to go in morning-dress to the theatre, the physical restraint on their feelings would be greater, not less. Certainly, few of those who wear "dickies" or flannel shirts in town are stallites or occupiers of dress-circle, save when they come with orders, and then they are notoriously frigid. This argument of "W. A." won't wash any better than the dress-shirts of some of the critics. Again—the ladies? In France they honour the playhouse in *demi-toilette*—I cannot translate the term, for we have no real equivalent—whilst our ladies go in full-undress dress. With the Englishwoman there is no cuirass over the emotions, but nothing save her satin skin—and a trifle of powder. Is the Englishwoman with full *décolletage* more emotional at the theatre than her French sister, who is less *décolletée* than a summer girl with her pneumonia blouse? She ought to be, if the argument of "W. A." and Madame Hading is correct, but certainly is not.

There is the other argument that we check our feelings for fear of rumpiling the breast-plate or disarranging the neck-tie. The idea reminds me of a character hit against the sentimentality of the Germans: that they weep copiously over pathetic works of fiction after carefully spreading a handkerchief over their neck-ties so that they may not be soiled—is it Jean Paul or Carlyle who suggested this? Frankly, would even our morning-dress enthusiast beat his flannelled bosom or grab at his sailor-knot neck-tie—perhaps a ready-made-up tie!—at the woes of hero or distress of heroine? Would he clutch at his collar after the fashion of some emotional actors, so as to leave room for "the lump in his throat" or for his heart when it is in his mouth? I can hardly imagine even "W. A." reaching such a pitch of emotion if he were watching a perfect performance of a tragic masterpiece and sitting in pyjamas. (English) "people don't do such things." I may add that "le phlegme Britannique" was talked about long before people wore "boiled rags" or "claw-hammer coats" on any occasion.

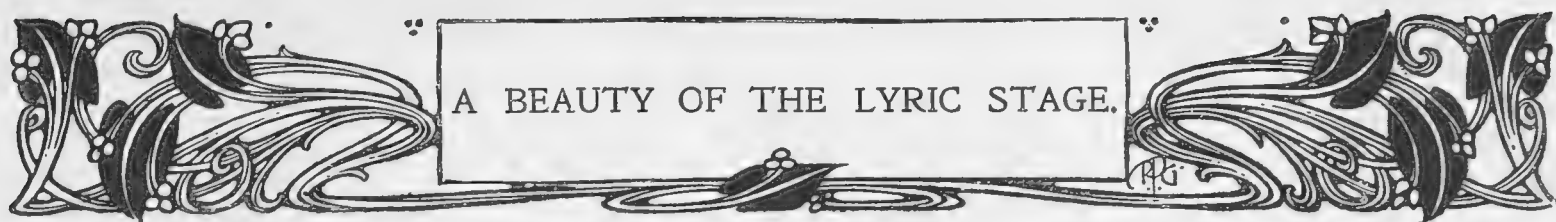
It may be remarked that any comparison between the English and the French on this topic is misleading. The term "evening-dress" is untranslatable. The Frenchman wears his "habit" or "queue de morne" more often before than after six p.m. He puts it on when he goes to make an offer of marriage, when he is married, attends a baptism, a funeral, or for a public ceremony, but without any relation to the time of day. It is quite a curious fact that, at a time when our ancestors were ruining our digestions by taking tea with hot meat, the French had late dinner—at 5.30 in the provinces—and did not change their clothes for it. We, however, when dinner replaced "high tea" began the evening-dress habit. Of course, I am not speaking of the little clique called "le tout Paris" nor of the English aristocracy. The stallite does not dress in order to go to the theatre. He wears morning-dress, evening-dress, and pyjamas during the twenty-four hours, and to call his evening-dress a uniform is a delusion. Indeed, the use of it is so much second nature to him that he would be

embarrassed and restrained if required to wear morning-dress at the play. In fact, the morning-dress would be a kind of conventional uniform for him.

Mr. Archer furnishes one argument against evening-dress, which is that, owing to the huge distances of London and its rush of occupations, to have to go home to dress is so inconvenient as sometimes to prevent people from visiting the theatre; but it must be remembered that few people are casual visitors to stalls or dress-circle seats, most of which are taken in advance as part of an arranged scheme for an evening's entertainment. Mr. Archer suggests that Managers would be wise if they were to encourage, "as they certainly might, an abrogation or relaxation of the law requiring evening-dress to be worn in the stalls"; but, although the white tie and cuirass are obligatory at the Opera, no Manager requires them at the playhouse and no method of discouraging evening-dress seems feasible. Sumptuary laws are dangerous, and a notice that people are requested *not* to wear evening-dress would meet with derision and disregard, whilst the ladies would flock to such theatres as gave them an opportunity of showing their selves and the new frocks. To me, the chief objection to the evening-dress habit is that most of the critics wear shockingly ill-cut shirts and badly tied "chokers," and some carry their costume so clumsily as to make ignorant, worldly people doubt their authority when they criticise plays dealing with life in Mayfair.

The annual sensation at Drury Lane this year is watery, and suggests oilskins as the most suitable costume for the front rows of the stalls. Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. Cecil Raleigh have between them always studied very carefully the wishes of those who like their plays to give them something they can recognise in the way of buildings, and something they think they can recognise in the way of natural or unnatural phenomena. We have no real water in "The Flood-Tide," but something which will pass for it anywhere outside the Hippodrome sweeps down from the wings: and the artists have been very skilful in their picture of the lake, and one must always recognise the useful work done by the scene-shifters in the elaborate arrangements by which the great catastrophe is brought about. And nothing could be better in the way of stage crowds than the scene in the Paddock at Kempton Park, or more gorgeous than the representation of the Métropole at Brighton. The play which is the reason of all this is the most curious of its kind that has yet been seen. I found it a good deal more entertaining than most of the things which Mr. Raleigh is in the habit of giving us, and was left wondering at the end how much of the humour of it all was intentional and how much was due to the necessity of ending up the play somehow, once the great scene was over. Usually the last Act at Drury Lane is a mere finishing-off of the various plots which have been wandering in more or less of harmony through the earlier Acts; but anybody who missed the scene on the station-platform at the very end, when the eccentricities of Mr. Somerset as the millionaire madman came to a head, missed the most interesting quarter-of-an-hour of the whole evening. What Mr. Raleigh was aiming at in his singular perversion of all the conventional rules of melodrama is not quite clear, but I much prefer the result to anything he has yet produced. And I should not be surprised if the public is of the same opinion. It may be that the characters of perfect spotlessness and perfect villainy have ceased to exercise their tyrannous monopoly upon the melodramatic stage, and Mr. Raleigh will have been the pioneer of the new order; but I much fear that when the novelty is rubbed off there will be a reaction, just as it is no longer popular to take a proverb, turn it round, and present it as an epigram.

Actors who are accustomed to better work are always under difficulties in parts such as a Drury Lane drama affords, and though Mrs. Tree worked hard and successfully, and was a very complete adventuress of the old type, one was sorry to see her doing such things; and the same applies to the performance of Miss Halstan, whose strong point is earnestness and sincerity—two qualities for which "The Flood-Tide" has little use. Miss Claire Romaine's Polly, on the other hand, was just the kind of thing that was wanted, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith's peculiar kind of humour is quite independent of its surroundings and will probably prove one of the chief attractions of the play. Equally good in a very different way was Mr. Somerset, who acted the madman with a weird intensity which made him the chief figure whenever he was on the stage; and Mr. Barnes almost succeeded in reconciling the strange inconsistencies of Dick Champion.



MISS ANITA ARABELLA, WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN PLAYING IN
"THE MEDAL AND THE MAID."

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

THE "M.C.C." TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

WHATEVER had been the composition of the team selected by the Committee of the "M.C.C." to go to Australia this winter, there would inevitably have been critics to find fault with the choice of some of the men. No team that ever went out was so perfect that it might not have been improved; but, as the best men cannot be forced to go, and as no two critics are agreed as to the ideally best eleven in England, we have always had to be content with sending the best men available and letting them do their best. After all, cricket is a game, and men, especially the real amateurs, cannot be expected to neglect their business, even for so sportsmanlike an object as redeeming those ashes.

Of course, if Fry, Jackson, and MacLaren had been able to go, the team would have been materially strengthened, for these great batsmen would make all the difference to any eleven; but the duty of the "M.C.C." Committee was to do the

best with the men at their disposal, and not to attempt impossibilities. They have selected a very good lot, on the whole, and it is a curious thing that, just as their critics were decrying them as an inferior team most of the men began to play in better form than they had shown before. This is of good omen

for the matches in Australia, and it must be remembered that on previous occasions it has not always been the men who went out with the greatest reputations who had the most success in the Colony.

As captain, Mr. Warner is an admirable selection, and he has

shown what he can do to lead his team to victory so often that there can be little doubt that in Australia he will be as successful as he has been in England. A good all-round set of men who play well together, and play the game until the last ball is bowled, win more matches on a tour than individual scoring, and Mr. Warner will certainly have such a team under his command. Hirst, Rhodes, Arnold, and Braund have all scored over one thousand runs and bowled over one hundred wickets in first-class cricket this year, and their all-round play has been so consistent, in spite of the miserable summer which we have been undergoing, that they may well be counted on to maintain their reputations on the other side of the world.

Hirst is incontestably the finest all-round cricketer in England this year, for with the bat he has been surpassed only by those giants, Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, while he has within a fraction the best average as a bowler. Rhodes has done better as a bowler than as a batsman, but his batting average is equal to that of many a man who plays in first-class cricket on the strength of his run-getting powers only. Arnold has a rather better batting

average and one slightly worse with the ball, while Braund has distinguished himself chiefly as a bowler. Fielder, Relf, and Bosanquet are also good with both bat and ball, and have well earned the name of all-round men.

Mr. Warner has scored just over his thousand runs, and has an average of 37.77, his highest score being 149. He played for Oxford against Cambridge in 1895 and 1896, and, though he did not make any remarkable scores on those occasions, he did excellent work for his University in both years. Since then, his play for Middlesex has been of the highest value, and it is not too much to say that the county owes its position as champion in a large degree to his exertions. Mr. Bosanquet is another Oxford and Middlesex man who may be relied on for consistent cricket. He will be remembered as having made 120 for Eton against Harrow at Lord's in 1896, and he played for Oxford against Cambridge in 1898, 1899, and 1900, making 54 not out and taking three wickets on the first occasion, 4 and 17 and eight wickets in 1899, and 42 and 23 and one wicket in 1900.

After Hirst, Knight has the highest average of any of Mr. Warner's men, and yet as much criticism was wasted over his selection as over that of anyone in the

team. He is a sound batsman, with a strong defence and a power of getting runs when they are wanted, and will probably be of the greatest service on the Australian wickets. Relf has done good work with the ball for Sussex, and can get a wonderful spin on when he is in form; and Hayward is the only one who has scored over two thousand runs. He has made 2138 runs in sixty-two innings, his highest score being 156 not out and his average 36.22. Tyldesley, besides being a fine bat, is a

splendid man in the long-field, a qualification in which the rest of the team are, perhaps, somewhat lacking.

Taken altogether, however, the Eleven is one which may be relied upon to play a good game and to hold its own in Australia quite as well as any of its predecessors. That it does not represent the full strength of England, especially in batting, is quite true; but even George Parr's Eleven did not do that, as several first-rate men stayed at home.

It is said that the Australians will not be able to put as strong a team as usual into the field, and if that is the case the "M.C.C." Eleven has a very good chance of success. At any rate, now that they are chosen, everyone wishes them the best of luck and will look forward to the matches with keen interest, feeling assured that Mr. Warner and his men will do all that lies in their power to uphold the honour of the Old Country. WADHAM PEACOCK.



P. F. WARNER, CAPTAIN
(MIDDLESEX)



R. E. FOSTER (WORCESTER).



TYLDESLEY (LANCASHIRE).



FIELDER (KENT).



B. J. T. BOSANQUET (MIDDLESEX).

THE "M.C.C." TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.



RIHODES (YORKSHIRE).



HIRST (YORKSHIRE).



ARNOLD (WORCESTER).



HAYWARD (SURREY).



RELF (SUSSEX).



KNIGHT (LEICESTER).



STRUDWICK (SURREY).



BRAUND (SOMERSET).



LILLEY (WARWICKSHIRE).

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM sorry to read that drunkenness is very largely on the increase in France. When I travelled on the Continent for the first time, I was very enthusiastic about Continental cafés. I wanted to see their establishment in England, and even wrote an article advocating that establishment, being profoundly grieved to notice that the world at large ignored my suggestion altogether. Of late years, I have noticed, in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and other big French cities, that the café is dominated at certain hours by the *absintheur*, and that coffee, syrups, lemonade, and other harmless drinks have given way to appetisers into whose composition it would be wise to inquire, for France is beginning to suffer from the ill effects of them. I wonder whether M. Combes and his associates will turn their attention to this matter when they have laid all the religious houses low. I can't help thinking that absinthe may be even more harmful than a religious association, and that temperance may be more beneficial to a State than atheism.

Reverte is dead, says my paper, and, among its many thousands of readers, I am, perhaps, sole mourner. For Reverte, one of the greatest of Spanish matadors, was coming to the front in Spain when I was

there "in the brave days when I was twenty-one." I saw him kill the bulls in Andalusia, in Castile, and across the Pyrenees at Nimes and Dax. A great torero was Reverte, splendidly equipped by Nature for the battles he waged against bulls in the arena and the most beautiful women in Spain outside it. Brave almost to rashness, nimble and agile in spite of a bad wound that made him limp for a long time, cool as the proverbial cucumber in the hour of danger, a master of the bandarils and the espada, Reverte was, in his way and after his kind, a great man. His work in France created a furore; he took his cuadrilla to French arenas to show how Spaniards could fight bulls, not for the sake of the huge fees he received. One afternoon, he called for a cigar and lit it with a thousand-franc note, to express his contempt for the monetary side of the business. In spite of his swaggering ways and loud dress, Reverte came very near to being a gentleman, nearer than most of his brethren.

I regret to note that the murderers of the gamekeepers on the Yorkshire grouse-moors are not discovered, but I am not quite surprised. When one realises the extent and loneliness of grouse-moors, the market-value of the birds they shelter, and the odds in favour of the poachers if they are working in gangs, there is occasion for rejoicing that outrages are not more frequent. Keepers have spoken to me of encounters with parties outnumbering their own in proportion of three to one, and though the knowledge that they have the law on their side must aid the keepers, it cannot keep desperate men from dangerous acts.

Nearly every keeper I have known north of Derbyshire has had hard knocks from poachers; some have been mauled to an extent that has sent them to hospital for months or weeks. There are men who are worse than the poachers and are largely responsible for these outrages—the people who will buy large or small consignments of game and ask no questions. The poacher works for these masters, and doubtless there are men who knew that the murderers of the keepers were at work on the moor and were waiting to buy the grouse. Now, of course, they are accessories after the murders and share the guilt of the murderers if they remain silent and do not aid the police.

Mdlle. Pilar Morin is a famous Parisian actress who was the original "Madame Butterfly" and the Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue" in America. The little Tivoli play is entitled "O'Mats' San," and has been written by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, well known as part-author of "The Elder Miss Blossom." The story is that of a young Englishman married in Japan to a Japanese wife who is at once loving and jealous. She fears that his affection is centred upon another, and the thought of the tragic consequences dominates all her ideas. When he goes to his Club, she retires for a siesta, and dreams a terrible dream: that his love for her wanes and that she murders him. The stage is darkened and the lights go up on such a scene as she sees in her dream. The wife, stricken with remorse, fear, and dread, awakens from her sleep, to find that her husband has returned and that all is well. The tragic little piece takes about twenty minutes in the playing.



MDLLE. PILAR MORIN IN A NEW JAPANESE SKETCH ENTITLED "O'MATS' SAN."

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM FIFTH LETTER (DIERPE):

... The races were rather fun. In the crowd I noticed the French and English stage conversing affably. I had a good deal of luck, but my Baron didn't. He wasn't a good loser,

and I'm glad my French is not very perfect. . . . Afterwards he was awfully polite again. I think I shall leave to-morrow . . .

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.



"HOW DO I WRITE A BOOK? THAT'S A BIG QUESTION. (GET DOWN, CHUM.)"



"WELL, FIRST OF ALL, I WAIT UNTIL I GET A DEFINITE THEME."



"WHEN ONE IS IN THE RIGHT MOOD, EVERYTHING IS INSPIRING. THE TREES, FOR EXAMPLE—"

"AGE cannot wither nor custom stale" the infinite charm of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," with which, eight-and-twenty years ago, Miss Helen Mathers, a young girl barely out of her teens, set the abiding seal of worth upon her work. No one will dispute its claim to be a classic, seeing that to-day it sells with all the freshness of a new book and it has been translated into practically every language under the sun.

Helen Mathers' first book was written when she was eight, and it probably contained every violent crime under the sun. As soon as it was finished, "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was fermenting in her mind, and before she was twenty she began to write it. She was living in Somersetshire in those days, rejoicing in that outdoor life she still loves so much better than writing, for all her family are good "sportsmen." There the first half-conscious determination that she would make a name for herself, and that by means of her pen, was formulated. Her grandmother sent down to the Mathers family a book containing the biographies of celebrated people. The little Helen looked to see if her family name were in the list, and, not finding it, wrote her own name in the proper place—a veritable act of inspiration which time has amply justified.

When the "Rye," as Mrs. Reeves invariably calls it, was three-parts written, a Scotch lady staying in her father's house read the manuscript. A few months later, "Nancy" was published. The lady read it, and wrote to Miss Mathers that the resemblance between the books was so startling that she must alter hers. The suggestion was naturally ignored. A year later, when the "Rye" was published, this same lady was at a luncheon-party and sat next to a then famous "Q.C.," who, in the course of conversation, said, "In my old age I have taken to reading novels. I have just read 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' and I like it immensely; but what a pity it is that it is so much like 'Nancy'!"

"I know the girl who wrote it," replied the lady; "and I read it a year ago in manuscript, before Miss Broughton's novel appeared, so that I am in a position to prove that the resemblance is purely a coincidence."

While it was still only three-parts written, her father—of whom she stood in great awe—being then in Devonshire, Miss Mathers took the manuscript to Mr. George Bentley, who, looking at the bright face of the young girl, said, "I am sure you can write something bright." He added that he would read the manuscript

himself as far as it was written, and, shortly after, wrote urging her to finish it and offering thirty guineas down or half-profits. Miss Mathers, unluckily for herself, accepted the former offer.

Some time after the novel's success had made her name a household word, Mr. Bentley was dining with Mrs. Reeves in Grosvenor Street, in company with



"—THE FLOWERS—"



"—POETRY—"

Mr. Justin McCarthy and his wife. Mrs. McCarthy had not caught his name when she was introduced, and during the course of dinner she called across the table to Mrs. Reeves, "What do you think I heard to-day, my dear: that you got thirty thousand pounds for 'Comin' Thro' the Rye'?" Mr. Bentley heard it and looked up. Mrs. Reeves said to him, softly, "If we take off the last three noughts,

LX.—MISS HELEN MATHERS (MRS. REEVES).

Mr. Bentley, it will be about right, won't it?"

The original manuscript is still extant and in Mrs. Reeves' possession. A pathetic interest attaches to it. The copy which went to Bentley's was, later, burnt in the kitchen-grate by the authoress herself, and it actually put out the fire, to the great anger of the cook. When, a couple of

paper among her dearest possessions for a quarter of a century. One day, someone asked Mrs. Reeves what she would take for those papers. "Ask Macmillan's"—for that firm bought the copyright of the "Rye" from Mr. Bentley—"ask Macmillan's for how many thousands they will sell the 'Rye,' and I will take a hundredth part of them for my girlish, ill-written manuscript," she replied, in an impulsive manner due to the Irish blood which flows in her veins.

It has been said that, as a picture of English life, the "Rye" will run well into the next century, though when it was published the critic of the *Saturday Review* wrote: "How any being of average powers of intelligence could be found to write such rubbish or any publisher be found to publish it passes one's comprehension." If it did not bring money, it brought what money cannot buy, an "open sesame" to all hearts and a world-wide acknowledgment of the intense pleasure it has given. After the "Rye," Mrs. Reeves places "Bam Wildfire" and "Griff of Griffithscourt" as her best books. The former has a steady and continuous sale in its shilling form and is now in its seventh edition, while "Dimples," which is also published at the same price, is in its fourth edition, and is having a no less happy career in the dulltest season known in the publishing world for many years.

Indeed, the constant demand for new editions of her old books makes Mrs. Reeves appear to work much harder than she really does. In point of fact, she has written only two new books in the last two years—"Honey" and "Griff of Griffithscourt." The former took two months and the latter exactly three. After this, it need hardly be said that Mrs. Reeves works very rapidly, and, on occasion, she will also write for long hours at a stretch. She believes in writing "red-hot" and in flashing a vivid impression down on the page, for she finds that books which take the most time invariably have the least grip on the reader. With the most engaging frankness, she has been heard to say that, in spite of her extraordinary success, she knows well enough that what she writes is "not literature," adding, in her own delightful way, that if anyone would leave her a fortune she would promise faithfully never to write another line, as she believes we could do without any new books at all for at least ten years. However true this may be of many authors, it is not a statement which the British public will endorse with regard to the author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye."



"—PICTURES."



"THEN I THINK OUT THE PLOT VERY CAREFULLY. THIS IS THE REAL HARD WORK."

years ago, Mrs. Reeves' mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, died, a small bundle of closely written, thin sheets of paper was discovered. That proved to be the "Rye," and with it was a large bundle of clear copy from which the printers had set up "Cherry Ripe." Although Mrs. Mathers loved her daughter too dearly to unduly praise her work, she had cherished those simple sheets of



"SOCIAL FUNCTIONS HAVE TO BE PUT ON ONE SIDE AT SUCH A TIME, ALL INVITATIONS DECLINED."



"FINALLY, I WRITE THE BOOK—"



"—AND THE PUBLIC, I AM HAPPY TO SAY, ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO BUY IT."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TWO manuscript journals kept by Whistler's mother during her stay with her husband and family for several years in Russia, and continued in England after her husband's death, have been placed at the disposal of an American journalist. Judging from the extracts, the journal is simple and affectionate, but it is interesting, and puts a few facts beyond dispute. Whistler was in the habit of referring inquirers for his place of nativity to Baltimore or St. Petersburg, or some other noteworthy city, but it is certain, all the same, that he was born in Worthen Street, Lowell, Massachusetts. As to the date of his birth there has been much controversy, but his mother's diary puts it beyond dispute. He was born on July 10, 1834, so he had not completed seventy years when he died. Some of his closest friends believed him to be much older. The extract from the diary is as follows—

July 10, 1844.—A poem selected by my darling Jamie, and put under my plate, at the breakfast-table, as a surprise on his tenth birthday. I shall copy it, that he may be reminded of his happy childhood, when, perhaps, his grateful mother is not with him.

His first regular drawing-lessons commenced in St. Petersburg, when he was in his eleventh year—

April 17, 1845.—Last Monday Jimmie began his course of drawing-lessons at the Academy of Fine Arts, on the opposite side of the Neva; the building exactly fronts my bedroom window. He is entered at the second room; there are two higher, and he fears he shall not reach them, because the officer, who is still to continue his private lessons at our house, is a pupil himself in the highest, and Jimmie looks up to him with all the reverence an artist merits, and his master besides; he seems greatly to enjoy going to a class, and stands next a youth of sixteen, who, being English, notices my boy kindly.

Miss Marie Corelli will publish in the autumn a volume entitled "Songs and Poems."

A contribution to Thackeray literature will be "Thackeray in the United States," by General Grant Wilson, author of the Life of John Grant. The book will consist of two large volumes, and will be copiously illustrated. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York, are the American publishers.

Though Mr. Nelson Page's new novel, "Gordon Keith," has been a disappointment, the American public have proved very faithful to him, with the result that his latest story stands by far the first among the best-selling books in the United States. Next comes Mr. James Lane Allen's "The Mettle of the Pasture." It may be doubted whether that book sustains Mr. Allen's reputation, though it is carefully written. The only two English books circulating largely in America at present are "Wee Macgregor" and "Lady Rose's Daughter." The "Cabbage Patch" books are apparently as popular as ever.

Negotiations have taken place between Mr. Murray and the Italian scholars whose complaint against Mrs. Ady I referred to some weeks ago. The result is a final and satisfactory settlement. The complaint of the Italian authors was published in this country through the loss of a letter of withdrawal.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, whose excellent work in fiction has hardly been sufficiently recognised, has a new novel in the press, which will be entitled "The Magnetic North."

Madame Sarah Grand's step-son, Mr. Haldane McFall, has a new book in preparation, entitled "The Masterfolk." Violet Jacob has

followed up her success of last year with a book, "The Interloper." The title of Mr. Bram Stoker's new book is "The Jewel of Seven Stars." There is thus a promise of excellent entertainment.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has done over a hundred illustrations for the Hon. John Hay's bright and interesting book on "Travel in Castilian Days." The volume will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

A writer in the *Athenaeum* maintains the historicity of the Doones of Exmoor, recently challenged by a Devonshire authority. In George Collins's charming book, "The Chase of the Wild Red Deer," published in 1862, it is stated that Exmoor was formerly the head-

quarters of a set of freebooters, the Doones, who were supposed to have arisen during the confusion caused by the Civil Wars. In his new work, "A Book of Exmoor," Mr. F. J. Snell adduces additional evidence. The critic says he was brought up on Exmoor and can amply corroborate it.

He was thoroughly familiar with Doone tales and legends in the fifties of last century, hearing them told at the inn at Brendon by several old men of Luccombe, by Larkham, the one-armed Holnicote gamekeeper, and more especially at the very head of what is now termed the Doone Valley, when he was lost, after a long run with the staghounds, by Jem Blackmore, the harbourer. The present writer was in the habit of working up these Doone stories for the delectation of his school-fellows in the dormitory of a West Country boarding-school, with the result that two rash lads—one of whom subsequently won a considerable literary reputation—succeeded in obtaining the publication in 1863 (they were written three years before) of some of the tales, under the title "The Doones of Exmoor." It was these tales which Mr. Blackmore accidentally came across, as he generously acknowledged in a letter to one of the compilers, that suggested to him the weaving of his delightful Exmoor romance.

This is an important contribution to literary history, and the names should be given. I believe the tales referred to appeared in the *Leisure Hour*.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has at least three books in preparation: one a novel, one a volume of essays, and a third a monograph on G. F. Watts. O. O.



"FRANK DANBY". (MRS. FRANKAU), AUTHOR OF "PIGS IN CLOVER."

Photograph by Beresford.

There is something quaint in the thought that Mrs. Frankau—who, as "Frank Danby," has recently published that brilliant study of contemporary manners (and morals), "Pigs in Clover"—should be, as she is without question, the greatest living authority on that daintiest product of the eighteenth century, the colour-print. Such, however, is the case, and this fortunate lady, on whom the gods have indeed smiled, has won fame in two most distinct branches of literature. Mrs. Frankau has written since she was quite a girl, but her first serious attempt at fiction, "Dr. Phillips: A Maida Vale Idyll," was published after her marriage to the husband who is so proud of her double success. It was followed, after an interval, by "A Babe in Bohemia," a comparatively short novel full of a high literary quality which appealed strongly to the critics, though it failed in reaching a really wide public. Then came the first of the beautiful and costly works on eighteenth-century colour-prints signed "Julia Frankau," and for a while it seemed as if this new hobby would absorb all "Frank Danby's" time and energy. However, Mrs. Frankau found time to think out, and what was, perhaps, a far harder task, to write out, the novel which is now enjoying so great a success. Mrs. Frankau does most of her work in London, in a beautiful old historic house within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

“WARWICK CASTLE AND ITS EARLS.”

ALTHOUGH Lady Warwick has not chosen to commemorate the fact, “Warwick Castle and its Earls from Saxon Times to the Present Day” (Hutchinson. Two Vols.) is by no means her first essay in literature. Some years ago, she edited the *Memoirs of Mr. Joseph Arch*, and her contributions to various periodicals are well known to those interested in the various forms of women’s work in agriculture. But, as yet, the châtelaine of Warwick Castle has attempted nothing so ambitious as a complete history of Lord Warwick’s historic home, which has played, as she rightly points out in a short, eloquent passage, so great a rôle in our historical story as almost to have become a part of English history.

As is so often the case with books compiled and written by those who, while having no pretence to special literary acquirements, yet possess an absorbing interest in and knowledge of their subject, “Warwick Castle and its Earls” is full of valuable material for the future historian, and contains many charming glimpses of the daily life led by our great nobility in times gone by. Some most curious letters, pathetic, humorous, and politically important, are scattered through the thousand pages, and here and there Lady Warwick indulges in amusing digressions concerning certain of her husband’s ancestors and their often eventful lives. She tells very prettily the romantic story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, and his wife, Phyllis, and in setting forth the famous adventures of Lady Godiva—who was, by the way, a connection of the Lord Warwick of her day—quotes the witty and little-known stanzas which appeared in the *Etonian* of 1780, and which are certainly the best ever written on the subject. It is in such passages that Lady Warwick proves her superiority over the usual chronicler. If a character can be made more living thereby, she fearlessly brings in what would appear to the professional writer much irrelevant matter, and often by so doing she adds greatly to the value and interest of her chapters. After dealing with the Saxon and Norman nobles who had the good fortune to own the first of the many castles built at Warwick, Lady Warwick divides the rest of her work into five sections, each describing exhaustively one of the great families, Beauchamps, Nevilles, Plantagenets, Dudleys, Riches, and last, not least, Grevilles, whose life-histories were interwoven with that of the historic pile. It is amazing how many famous folk, from William the Conqueror to Lord Nelson, have had some sort of connection with Warwick Castle. Well and spiritedly told are the stories of the two famous women, Penelope Devereux and Mary Boyle, who both bore the proud title of Countess of Warwick. Penelope deserves to take her place among the romantic heroines of the world, even if she did have but “an attenuated respect for the marriage tie,” for she was the beloved “Stella” of Sir Philip Sidney, and, but for her

worldly parents, would have been his wife. However, concerning this lady, her modern namesake is very severe, observing that “she is better forgotten than remembered.”

Lady Warwick is, however, scarcely kinder in her appreciation of the saintly Mary Rich, whose famous diary is one among the most curious of spiritual human documents in existence. It may be doubted whether this “elect lady” of the fervent Low Church party of her day would ever, even if she had lived in our time, “have put up with Bridge, though disapproving of it, and advised her pious friends to go to Ascot, if the King went.” Be that as it may, Lady Warwick gives a very touching and sympathetic picture of Mary Rich’s life as Dowager Countess, at “Delicious Leeze,” and of her holy death.

Less known in its main outline than that of the Rich family is the history of the house of Greville, which occupies the greater portion of the second volume. Lady Warwick is very proud of her husband’s and of her children’s ancestors, especially of the great Fulke Greville, who played so great a rôle on the spacious Elizabethan stage of politics, art, and letters; and that chapter entitled “Warwick Papers,” of which the contents are drawn from the Castle archives, is of great historical interest, consisting as it does of letters written to Fulke Greville from some of his more noted contemporaries. Among the best chapters in the book is also that giving an account of the way in which this same man built and altered Warwick Castle to what we should consider more or less modern requirements. In this connection occurs the most serious criticism of these two charming volumes—it is a pity that the many fine illustrations did not include plans of the Castle as it was in the various stages of its history.

Many readers of Lady Warwick’s book will turn with special interest to her account of her own and of Lord Warwick’s immediate predecessors. She gives a pleasant, modest sketch of her remarkable father-in-law, the Victorian Earl, who was, it is now significant to note, throughout the whole of his long life a consistent

Protectionist. The great event of the late Lord Warwick’s life was the disastrous fire which, in the December of 1871, destroyed a great portion of the Castle. He lived to complete the difficult and costly work of restoration, and died just ten years ago.

Of her own and her husband’s brilliant reign at Warwick Castle Lady Warwick has but little to say; that little, however, is well worthy of quotation: “We have tried, both Lord Warwick and myself, to adapt the ancient Castle to the needs of the present day, to blend the old and the new, and, while continuing its historic traditions, to make the Castle the centre of many movements for the benefit of others—not only those among whom our immediate lot is cast, but the nation at large. For Warwick Castle is a national glory as well as a personal possession, and we who hold it now strive to fulfil, imperfectly it may be, the duties of our stewardship and the privileges of our heritage.”



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AT WORK UPON
HER HISTORY OF WARWICK CASTLE.



LADY WARWICK AND THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE AT WARWICK CASTLE.



BREECHED !

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE HUMOURIST AND THE VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

SCOUT (*popping head over wall*): Seen any enemy about, Guv'nor?
BRIDEGROOM (*testily*): Only you!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LOVE AND AN UMBRELLA.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



Things might have arranged themselves better if Sabina Murphy's father had been less anxious for his daughter's

union with Cornelius O'Donovan; if Cornelius's mother had looked less wistful whenever she saw the young couple together. Sabina's farm joined Corney's. Both farms were much of a size and in the pink of condition. They were unimportant taken separately; joined together, none could look for a prettier farm: and people were as fond of the land in the 'thirties in Ireland as they are to-day.

But the resolute intention of relatives and friends to force the young people together only succeeded in defeating its own ends. Sibbie, as all the world called her, was something of a spoilt child—a beauty, an heiress, her father's darling. She had only to send a glance from under her long black eyelashes at any swain of them all to bring him to her side.

Corney, on the other hand, was, from his own point of view, nothing at all of a match for her. He had the soft, rugged, melancholy looks which often belong to the Celt, and are as appealing to the sensitive as the sadness of animals. An artist would have found Corney beautiful. To his own class he made no appeal at all. He was heavy, clumsy, dark, his features shapeless, his limbs cast in a great mould that he carried ungracefully. Whereas Sibbie—Sibbie had a Japanese daintiness of aspect, though they knew nothing of Japan in Corrieglen. Her smooth hair was like black satin; her black eyebrows were exquisitely arched over long eyes; she was milk-white of skin and had delicate, disdainful red lips.

Not one person in the world suspected that Sibbie had sometimes said to herself, in the seclusion of her own pretty room, "Why is he such an omadhaun?"—stamping her foot angrily at the same time; nor, if they had, would they have suspected any connection between the speech and Corney O'Donovan.

When Terence Murphy, in his last illness, spoke of the wish of his heart to Sibbie, she leant over him and smoothed his pillows tenderly.

"He's a great old omadhaun," she said, "and he will never ask me."

"Is that how it is?" asked Terence, a sudden enlightenment coming into his sunken eyes.

"That's how it is!" answered Sibbie, nodding her head emphatically.

"'Tis surprising, the foolishness of people and things," said Terence. And that night he died in his sleep, so that Sibbie's secret died with him.

The next to go was Peggy O'Donovan—a kind, hard-working woman for whom the neighbours had nothing but good words when she went.

"I wish I could have seen you settled, Corney," she said, wistfully.

"Sure, I never had eyes but for the one girl," Corney answered, "and she won't look at me."

"Are you sure, Corney?"

"Sure? It's too sure I am."

"Whethen, she doesn't know what's good. A better son never walked the world, and a good son makes a good husband. 'Tis her loss, Corney."

"Maybe; I know it's mine."

"I've longed this many a day for your children on my knee. I'll never see their faces now."

Even at that moment Corney blushed.

"I wouldn't want children unless they were hers and mine," he said, with hidden, passionate eyes. "And, if she holds out against me to the end, I think 'tis an old bachelor I'll be dying, like my Uncle Peter."

"She bids fair to be an old maid herself, the way she's letting all the boys go by her," said the mother, with a little bitterness.

Corney looked at her in amazement.

"Is it she an old maid," he asked, "that could have any boy in the country, from old James Fogarty, that's worth ten thousand pounds if he's worth a penny, down to Lanty Whelan, that hasn't got two pennies to call his own nor the first hair on his chin? Sure, why would she be an old maid?"

His eyes kindled in a sudden violence, but he curbed himself. He wasn't going to distress the old dying mother with a revelation of the depths of his hopeless love and the fury of jealousy that shook him when he thought of another man winning Sibbie.

But the mother had comfort. Old Father Bannon, of Newtowncross, who had a great and deserved reputation for sanctity which extended as far as Dublin itself, knew her desires and assured her at the last that he believed they would be satisfied. Perhaps he knew something; perhaps he did not. Anyhow, she died easy in her mind about her son's future.

When the two were left alone, they seemed more contrary to each other than ever. They bore their griefs in a lonely isolation, Sibbie prouder than ever now that her cheek was pale and her eyes ringed with purple, while Corney walked with a stoop of the shoulders, as though a burden pressed them down, and a face that had more than ever the dumb sadness of an animal's.

Often they were within hail of each other across the dividing hedgerows of the farms. Sibbie had taken to looking after things herself since her father's death. Once on a time they used to be friendly; now no greeting passed between the girl one side of the hedge, superintending this or that farming operation, and the man the other side, ploughing with his heavy, old-fashioned plough—an austere, lonely figure against the grey sky of winter, going up and down the furrows.

Rumours came presently to Sibbie that Corney was sadly neglected since his mother's death. She could have told the gossips that she knew more about it than they did, for, although she never lifted her head to send a glance across the hedgerow that divided her from Corney at his ploughing, nothing escaped her of his increasingly unkempt and untidy air.

When she re-entered her own neat and clean house at the end of the short day, and sat to the comfortable meal which Bessie, her excellent maid-of-all-work, had set out for her in bright lamplight and firelight, her thoughts would wander to Corney in his neglected house, at the mercy of the thriftless slut who was supposed to serve him. Somehow, it took the keenness off her appetite and her appreciation of the pleasant things with which she was surrounded.

She missed her old father greatly; indeed, it was the ache of missing him that had driven her to take his place in the fields, instead of leaving things to Nick Brophy, who had been her father's right-hand man in his latter days. She grew sharp with those about her, which was due partly, no doubt, to that gnawing tooth of grief which made a perpetual discomfort in her life. And she was sharpest of all to the suitors who came thicker than ever now that she was alone.

When she had succeeded in getting rid of the most eligible of them, she smiled grimly at herself—

"You're shaping well for an old maid, Sibbie Murphy," she said; and then added, "And, upon my word, things being as they are, I don't know but you're right. You're very comfortable as you are. And they are too sure of themselves and too keen after the money except one, and he's nothing but an omadhaun."

Her grief and dissatisfaction had their effect on her looks, as her friends and neighbours weren't slow about telling her. Even Father Bannon, the least observant of men, noticed it.

"You're not looking well, Sibbie," he said, with the kind, anxious, far-off look as of one who saw the world and its troubles from a great distance.

"It'll be that I'm getting old, Father," said Sibbie, with a flout at herself. "I pulled out a grey hair this morning."

"It seems like yesterday since I christened you, and it can't be much more than twenty-three years ago. Twenty-four, is it? Well, we can't call you old yet, child. I've been visiting that poor neighbour of yours, Corney O'Donovan. His house is in a miserable state, enough to make the kind woman his mother troubled even where she is. I gave him good advice."

"To turn out Biddy Flaherty and get a clean, honest girl in her place?"

"To get a wife; he'll never be comfortable till he does."

The kind, old, far-off eyes looked away from Sibbie, over whose face the colour had rushed in a flood.

"I hear you've a great contrivance for keeping off the rain," she said, in a confused effort to get away from what was apparently an awkward subject.

"It was sent a present to me from Dublin," Father Bannon answered, brightening. "Indeed, I'm afraid to go out with it; for all the children in the place will be following me and the dogs barking at my heels. You wouldn't believe how it holds the rain off. For all the world like a little roof it is."

"So I heard," said Sibbie, not greatly interested in Father Bannon's acquisition, but pretending to be so. "What at all do they call it?"

"It has a queer name—it's called an umbrella. I have a good many people dropping in to see what it's like. It shuts up very handy, too."

"Indeed?" said Sibbie, politely interested. "I would like to see it, so I would."

"Tis a long time, Sibbie, child, since you came to see me.

Supposing you come over to tea on Sunday? I know tea's a treat to you—it is to all the women."

Sibbie looked eager; finally confessed that tea was a temptation—it was nearly as scarce a thing in the parish of Newtowncross at that date as the umbrella which Father Bannon had just acquired.

She dressed herself in her best to do honour to the occasion. Her best was a scarlet petticoat, a loosely fitting jacket of some flowered stuff, white and scarlet, caught in with a scarlet ribbon at the waist, blue knitted stockings, and stout, pretty little shoes. It was a fashion of dress that never went out in Newtowncross; and when she took off her blue-hooded cloak and revealed her finery the old priest took snuff and paid her a compliment.

He was reading his breviary when Sibbie arrived, by the window that overlooked the valley of the Duagh River, with the rampart of the mountains behind it.

"You're fine enough for a wedding, Sibbie," he said. "Sit down, child, while I make the tea. I'm expecting another visitor. Ah, here he is! How are you, Corney?"

He looked away from Sibbie's red cheek and wore a half-guilty air. When he looked back again, it seemed as though a hedge of briars and thorns had grown up about the girl during the little interval. Instead of the sweet naturalness of the Sibbie of a few moments ago, this Sibbie sat on the edge of her chair in an uneasy attitude; her mouth was prim; she looked so chilly, so unfriendly, that it was no wonder poor Corney, in his bottle-green coat with brass buttons, his knee-breeches and frilled shirt, and grey worsted stockings, felt, all of a sudden, chilled and depressed. He had taken his best clothes from the chest of drawers, where his mother's hand had last smoothed them out, to do credit to the great occasion of drinking

tea with the priest. They had become him remarkably well, too. He had not known Sibbie was to be there. But there she was, looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her. But so cold, so angry, almost. Why, he had done nothing to bring that look to her face.

Father Bannon's housekeeper came in and drew the curtains, hiding the mountains and the cold glimmer of the river in its valley under the winter-evening sky. She lit the lamps and stirred the fire. The room, with its books in dull bindings that had only an odd glimmer of gilding, its few good pictures, the sacred emblems on the mantel-shelf, the dog lying on the faded hearth-rug, the snowy cloth, with china and silver laid for the tea, were very grand and imposing in



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

VI.—"SURPRISE." (A BELGIAN BOY.)

the eyes of Corney and Sibbie. They almost forgot their shyness of each other in watching the priest ladle from the old silver caddy a few precious spoonfuls of tea and pour the boiling water upon it. The tea was delicious—most grateful to Sibbie's feminine palate; but it did not unlock her tongue. She had seemed quite willing to chatter when she came in, but the arrival of her fellow-guest had frozen the current of her speech. And as for Corney, Corney was as dumb as though he had been born so.

While they sipped their tea from saucers, sitting at arm's-length from the table, Father Bannon eyed them with an expression half-despairing, half-waggish. He was obliged to talk for three. A cold curtain of constraint hung over the room. He rallied, he coaxed, he tried all his arts to make the two talk to each other, but in vain.

This afternoon had been very still. As the darkness gathered there was a moan of wind; again a clapping of wind which seemed to rattle invisible sails before it died away. After tea, in a hospitable endeavour to please his guests, the priest brought out a domino-board and instructed them in the rules of the game. It had been his beloved companion since he had been a student at the College of Douai, in France. But, while the game passed the time, he was aware that neither of the young couple shared his interest in it.

About eight o'clock, the housekeeper came in.

"'Tis pouring with rain," she said; "and your Reverence's weather-glass, that ran up as if it was running a race this morning, is tumbling down all as fast. Glory be to goodness, listen to the wind!"

Father Bannon had been engrossed by the game, and the thick shutters had nearly kept out sound. Sure enough, the wind was crying along the valley with an ominous moan, through the shutters he could hear the streaming of the rain upon the glass.

"We'd best be getting home," said Sibbie, standing up.

There was a pattering of hail-stones on the window, and the wind cried in the chimney.

"Yes," assented the priest. "It's not a long way, and you'll be home before the storm breaks. That reminds me: you never saw the umbrella, after all. You shall go home under it. You think you can hold it over Sibbie's head, Corney?"

"Never fear, your Reverence!"

"I wouldn't be taking Mr. O'Donovan so far out of his way," said Sibbie, in a mincing voice.

"Sure, 'tis my own way," said Corney, turning red. "Only for that I wouldn't be troubling you."

"I'd take no harm with my cloak," said Sibbie.

"And the umbrella," said the priest. "You couldn't hold it over yourself, but Corney'll hold it for you. You'll bring it back safe and sound to me, Corney? Now, Sibbie, are you ready? I'll open it for you when I get you outside the door. 'Tis too big to open in the house."

The umbrella of the late 'thirties, the first which had found its way into the parish of Newtowncross, was very unlike the slender, elegant umbrella of to-day. This particular example was as large as the canopy of a four-poster bed. It had huge ribs of whalebone, and a stick great enough for a giant's walking-stick. The wind was blowing a half-gale by this time, and it was with the greatest difficulty Corney was able to carry the umbrella.

However, he was a bit of a yachtsman, and very soon he learned the secret of holding the umbrella against the wind, which was now blowing furiously from the South-West.

"If it was to get under," said Corney to his silent companion, "it 'ud, maybe, blow me away to the moon, for, of course, I'd never let go of it—a thing that belongs to the priest."

A little later—

"I think the best thing I could do 'ud be to shut it up. I'm misdoubting that, maybe, it'll carry me over the edge."

They were at this time on a steep, descending path, on one side of which was a wall of rock, on the other a precipitous fall into the valley below. Sibbie uttered a little shriek and suddenly caught at his arm and clung to it. The wind blew and buffeted them; the umbrella was blown this way and that. If the hurrying moon amid her ragged clouds had had time to shed a ray on Corney's face, it would have revealed an expression of amazed and incredulous delight.

"Sure, you wouldn't be telling me to let the priest's umbrella fly away?" he faltered.

"Your life's more than the umbrella," she whispered back.

Corney's face grew roguish in the shadow.

"You'd better not be holding me," he said, "or you'll maybe go over along with me. If I was only out of this place, I'd be shutting it up as his Reverence did."

He staggered before the force of the wind, and the umbrella leant to the precipice. Sibbie caught at him with both hands and held his arm tight to her. He had an idea that, through her thick cloak, he could feel the beating of her heart. However, he still held on to the umbrella. The wind sighed and died away for long enough to allow them to pass the most dangerous part of the path. They

came to a point at which it was possible to clamber over the boulders to a bit of a field on top.

"I think we'll be shutting it up here," said Corney, making the most of the lull. He climbed up the bit of path to the field, planted the umbrella like an enormous mushroom in the nearest ridge, and was back again to help her over the last bit of the climb.

"Now to shut it up," said he. But that was easier said than done. They pushed and pulled and squeezed and felt for hinges in the ribs, all to no purpose. They remembered too late that Father Bannon had not taught them how to close the umbrella.

"Let us get home before the wind rises," said Sibbie. "I can see the light in the kitchen-window where Bessie is waiting up for me. There isn't a house we could get it into, but there's great shelter inside the four walls of the garden."

On the instant there was a great flash of lightning, and then, as though it had let loose the wind, the storm broke over them with incredible violence. The umbrella was whirled away from them and went flying over the grey fields. Whether they followed it of their own will, or whether they were simply blown before the storm, as everything in its path was that night, Sibbie never knew. She only knew that she was carried off her feet for some distance and then flung with great force to the ground. As she fell, someone caught her and averted the worst part of her fall.

"You're not hurt, Sibbie, darling?" said Corney's voice, through the roar of the tempest. "Lie still a minute and get your breath. No, don't try to stand up. The wind 'ud throw you down again. Creep, acushla, creep! The old *dun* in the corner of the field there is safe. If we once get to that the storm won't hurt us."

The *dun* was a square keep with an open lower storey in which the cattle took refuge from wind and rain. It was of iron strength, and so old that the antiquaries had grown tired of discussing the purposes for which it was built.

Sibbie always said that she could never have reached the *dun* if it had not been for Corney. As they wriggled along the ground, they were lashed with all sorts of débris the wind carried with it. Every second the storm increased in force. Fortunately, they were in an open field with no trees near them, for the trees that night came down in their thousands.

At last, she felt herself, beaten blind and exhausted, dragged within the *dun*, the mouth of which was, fortunately, away from the storm.

"You're terrified, darling, and no wonder," said Corney's voice at her ear. "But now we're quite safe. There's a few cattle in here. We needn't turn them out, the creatures."

"No, indeed!"

"And here's a manger full of hay. I'll spread my coat on the hay, and you can sit down or lie down, if you like better. Why, is it shivering you are? Sibbie!"

She found herself caught to Corney's breast and held there. She felt his kisses upon her hair. The cattle had come closer to them for protection. She felt the warmth of their breath and heard the deep sound of it. They were in a little space of peace and quietness, while the world seemed given over to destruction outside.

"Will it ever be over?" she sighed against his ear.

"Is it the storm? Sure, I don't care. To-morrow you'll be freezin' to me again."

Her uplifted arms held him about the neck. He could see her eyes shining in the obscurity. "I always loved you," she said. "Why were you such an omadhaun as never to ask me?"

"Never to ask you, light of my eyes! Sure, I thought you wouldn't look at me."

"I never looked at anyone else, not in that way."

"Sure, how am I to go to Father Bannon?" he asked, happily. "Isn't his umbrella gone off to the North Pole somewhere?"

"We'll get him another. I don't believe in them contrivances. Sure, if God sends rain, it must be good."

"I'm obliged to the umbrella," said Corney. "Only for it, you'd have gone on freezin' me."

"And you breakin' my heart."

"If it wasn't for that, I'd have got you home before the storm, though the brunt of it would have fallen on me."

"What'll the neighbours say?" she asked, clinging to him in sudden terror. "It isn't because of that you've asked me, Corney?"

His lips on hers answered her.

After all, there was great mercy in their night in the *dun*, for, as they came over the fields in the grey morning, when the storm had lulled, they found that the chimney of Sibbie's room was down on the bed where she would have slept. In their passionate thanksgiving the ravages of the storm vexed them but little.

A report came from somewhere about Tory Island of a strange apparition in the sky the night of the storm, like a queer, unchancy sort of boat sailing and a bare mast stuck up out of it. That was the last was ever heard of Father Bannon's umbrella.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MESSIEURS THE CRITICS are having another busy time this week, for no fewer than four West-End productions and three new suburban ventures are calling for prompt attention. Two of these West-End novelties are by important dramatists, namely, Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. J. M. Barrie. One leading West-End venture is the new opera, "The Cross and the Crescent," suddenly postponed from last Thursday and due at Covent Garden just as we are going to press. This opera may, with some fitness, be included in this column, for the libretto is based upon the poet Coppée's powerful if pessimistic drama, "Pour la Couronne," which was so deftly translated by the poet Davidson for Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Another West-End dramatic novelty is the newest audacious stage-play venture at the Tivoli, namely, the Japanese play called "O-Mats-San," which (also as we are going to press) is being submitted to public inspection. This Japanese drama has been written for the brilliant French character-actress, Mdlle. Pilar Morin, by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, who, with that other artistic comedian, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, wrote "The Elder Miss Blossom" for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

The aforesaid play by Mr. Chambers being tried at the Garrick at the moment of writing is called "The Golden Silence," a title suggested by a sentence from a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. The phrase runs thus—

For words divide and rend,
But Silence is most noble to the end.

Mr. Bouchier, as Augustus Mapes, and Mrs. Bouchier, as the Countess of Arlington, have strong characters; and certain scenes are set in a studio



The Queen (Miss Lily Brayton).

"KING RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S: ACT II., SCENE I.—WINDSOR CASTLE.
(W. T. HEMSLEY.)

Photograph by F. W. Burford, Great Russell Street.



A NEW HOME OF MELODRAMA IN LONDON: THE WALDORF THEATRE, ALDWYCH.

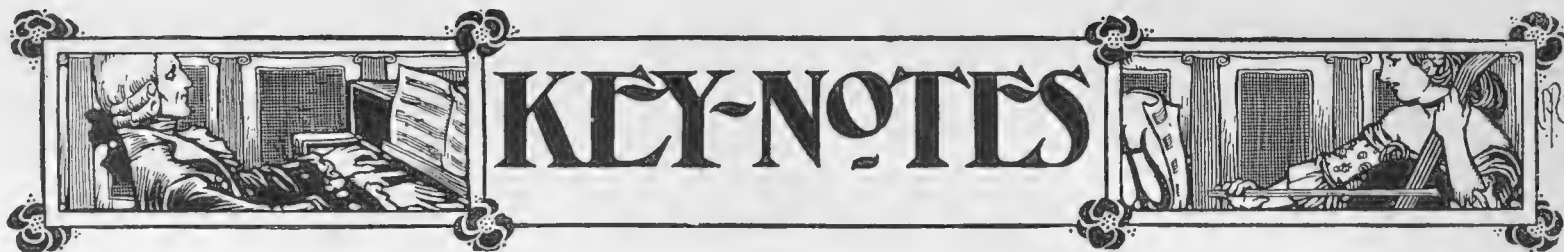
From the Original Design by the Architect, Mr. W. G. R. Sprague.

for the realistic arrangement of which Mr. George Frampton, R.A., is responsible.

Mr. Barrie's play is, of course, the long-promised "Little Mary." Mr. Barrie, for some irritating reason of his own, calls this work "an uncomfortable play," but, from what I hear, I fancy you will find it quite a comfortable and certainly an interesting piece when it is presented at Wyndham's Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) night. Mr. Hare, as a middle-aged Earl, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, as his wayward son, and Miss Boucicault, as the heroine, have plenty of excellent histrionic opportunities.

Whatever may be the merits of the controversy as to the value of the decorative arts in the presentment of Shakspeare on the stage, it is generally agreed that nothing more sumptuous and magnificent has ever been seen than the setting provided by Mr. Tree for "Richard II." at His Majesty's. From first to last it is a succession of brilliant and vivid pictures of English life at the close of the fourteenth century. The opening scene, revealing the garden of Westminster Palace, is a triumph of picturesque effect, while the view of the Lists at Coventry, in which peers and people are ranged on each side of the Royal Pavilion, is a marvel of beauty and historical accuracy. Indeed, all the tableaux and scenes are magnificent and realistic in the extreme, whether it be the triumphant entry of Bolingbroke into London, the massive exterior of Flint Castle, the interior of the Great Hall at Westminster, the gloomy dungeon in which the unfortunate King comes to his untimely end, or the crowning of Henry IV. in the Abbey.

On this page is presented a copy of the elevation of one of London's several forthcoming new playhouses. This is the Waldorf Theatre, which Mr. E. G. Saunders is about to build a few doors from Mr. George Edwardes's New Gaiety, at the western corner of the new street called Aldwych. The Waldorf Theatre adjoins a new hotel to be called by the same name and also to be run by Mr. Saunders. Both these handsome Waldorf buildings have been designed by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, who has designed so many of our theatres.



IT is now some years since the rival claims of the elder Verdi and the middle-aged Wagner came before the customary Critical Court for judgment. And, indeed, the discussion about them, just revived, is an extremely interesting one; for the two composers made the most extraordinary record possible, a record unequalled in the world of musical art. At the end of his life Verdi produced "Otello"—"Falstaff" may be freely forgotten—and at the end of his life Wagner produced "Parsifal." Wagner, no doubt, considered that his life should end in peace; and, surely, there is no such peace as is to be found in the final bars of his score, when Heaven itself seems to descend upon the waiting Knights who have done so little, and have meant so much. Therefore the announcement that Wagner and Verdi may be combined in a musical union is altogether extraordinary; yet the extraordinary element is not without its reasonableness. The last Act of "Otello" approaches very closely to Wagner's operatic ideal; there, indeed, the subject, full of thoughts for musical meditation, may be left.

Young composers seem always with us. For this phenomenon Mr. Henry Wood has to take to himself the chief responsibility. He has, throughout his connection with the Queen's Hall, never omitted a chance to bring forward any person of talent, no matter in what direction that talent might lie, and by this means to give artists a position in the musical world which otherwise they certainly could not have expected to achieve early in their career.

On Tuesday night, Mr. Ernest Blake's "Introduction to an Operatic Poem, 'The Bretwalda,'" was given for the first time. In praising Mr. Wood for his encouraging spirit in giving voice (as one may put it) to Mr. Blake's music, it cannot yet be said that that music is anything but sturdily commonplace and, if musically, musicianly in a sense which does not imply a high creative power. It is a curious fact that very great composers practically strew their path of victory with the bones of enthusiastic imitators; it is to be feared that Mr. Blake has thus fallen by the wayside in his desire to overtake Richard Strauss. Richard Strauss is one who refuses at all points to be overtaken; his position is most peculiar in music, not so much because he has no link with the past, but because he has apparently no possible influence over the future. Mozart was in very much the same artistic condition; any imitator of him was destined naturally to failure because Mozart summed up a school and in his own phrases completed for all times a certain chapter of music. Strauss, though not exactly following in this ideal, has so far completed a chapter which Wagner began (and, no doubt, he will go on completing that chapter) that his secret is his alone and is not to be stolen by any future musician.

Mr. Henry J. Wood has been most energetic in his production of new works at the Promenade Concerts; as has already been remarked in a former paragraph. Within the last day or two he has produced Mr. Cecil Forsyth's Concerto in G Minor for viola and orchestra. A concerto in which the viola is the solo instrument is, of course, an extremely rare thing; but Mr. Forsyth, doubtless, had realised the possibilities of the viola long before he entrusted to that instrument the exposition of his musical dreams. Mr. A. E. Ferris played the solo instrument in this concerto with wonderful technical skill and with a sentiment for the meaning of the music entrusted to his care that was quite wonderful. Mr. Forsyth, having gauged exactly the peculiar pathos of the viola, gave to it a part which, if not at all times exquisite, was, at all events, appropriate. The unfortunate part

about the whole composition was that it was conceived in something too obvious a spirit, and that the tunes of which it was composed were not altogether subtle enough for real distinction. On the same evening Miss Edith Kirkwood sang Micaela's chief song from "Carmen" with a good deal of feeling and intelligence. Bizet, too, was in some respects a hero of the occasion—poor Bizet, to whom it was never given to know, save in his inmost heart, how great a musician he really was. This was surely one of the great tragedies of music.

On Thursday night the Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall was so far interesting in that it introduced Miss Irene Penso as a solo violinist in Vieuxtemps's Concerto No. 4 in D Minor, and in two short

pieces by Field and Mlynarski. Miss Penso is, without any question, an extremely fine artist. She has yet to learn, possibly, a certain breadth which the years will undoubtedly bring to her; but she is so young and, at the same time, so completely artistic that it is necessary immediately to recognise the fact and to congratulate her accordingly. Her ear is absolutely true; not for one moment does she ever leave you in doubt as to the quarter of a semitone; and that is to say very much for her future career when one considers how crowded is the profession, and how seldom it is that perfect playing, so far as tune is concerned, is delivered unto the public. I have a great belief in Miss Penso's future career, and I rather suspect that that belief is shared by Mr. Henry Wood.



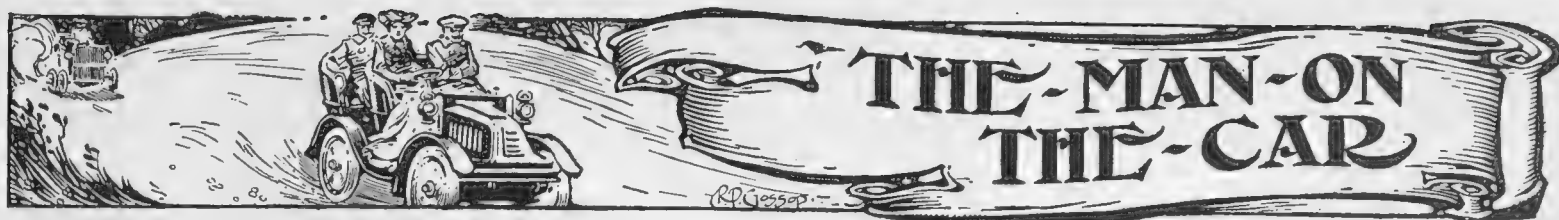
MADAME NORDICA, UPON WHOM THE BAVARIAN GOLD MEDAL HAS RECENTLY BEEN BESTOWED.

Photograph by Aimé DuPont, New York.

has already become just a trifle old-fashioned. To the Apostles who recognised Strauss as a modern redeemer of music, this may sound even blasphemous.

COMMON CHORD.

Madame Nordica, who has just received a signal honour, namely, the Bavarian Gold Medal only awarded to those who stand first in their branch of musical, dramatic, or pictorial art, is one of the most interesting women in the musical world. Though American by birth, most of her great professional triumphs have taken place in Europe, and, curiously enough, her greatest success was scored in Germany, when, in the summer of 1894, in response to a pressing invitation from Madame Wagner, she took the part of Elsa (in German) in "Lohengrin," at Bayreuth. Her own favourite part is Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." Though very fond of her native land, she has perforce to make her home in more than one European capital. The great prima-donna is gifted with a strong sense of humour, and she is fond of telling the story of an adventure which befell her at a concert in Texas. Forgetting her overshoes, she asked a cowboy to fetch them for her. As he brought her first one and then the other, the charming singer regretted that he should have so much trouble; but her apologies received the pretty reply, "Don't name it, Ma'am: I wish you were a centipede!"



Repairs by the Roadside—A New Method—To Buxton—The Trials—A Fast Car.

ALL car-owners who have had any experience in pneumatic-tyre repair by the roadside are fully aware that they have little hope of permanency from a repaired inner tube when the patch closing the aperture has been solutioned over only. Sooner or later, the heat engendered in the tyre by running will so soften the solution that the patch will slide and shift, with the result that one's tyre is found down again and the irksome repairing, patching business has to be gone through once more. It is always good business to carry one or more whole or properly repaired inner tubes, and when that comes which comes to all automobilists sooner or later, to wit, the merry puncture, all that has to be done is to replace the perforated tube with one of the spares, attach, inflate, and away.

That is, of course, all very nice as far as it goes; but, even when a solutioned patch is given days to dry, it is never quite reliable with cars over half-a-ton, and the motorist is much better advised if he sends the tube without delay to one of the well-known rubber-working firms, who will vulcanise a nicely bevelled patch in position or repair outer covers by vulcanisation. But there are many motorists who, by reason of their environment, would prefer to do such jobs for themselves if they could acquire the method and could make a good job. Now, a vulcaniser is not a desirable or convenient apparatus in the hands of an amateur, but from a French pamphlet which has come my way—in fact, a reprint of an article which appeared in that excellent journal, *La Locomotion*—it would appear that the renowned chemist, M. G. A. Le Roy, of 20, Rue de la Savonnerie, Rouen, has discovered a method by which patches can be permanently secured to inner tubes and outer covers repaired by chemical vulcanisation.

The *modus operandi* to be adopted with M. G. A. Le Roy's system seems simple enough. The necessary chemicals are supplied in an ejecting-tube and three flasks containing blue, yellow, and green fluids respectively. It is necessary only to cut a piece of rubber from an old air-tube to suit the puncture, to clean the surfaces to be brought into contact with the blue fluid, cover them with the preparation contained in the tube, serve one of the surfaces with the red liquid, place and press the patch into position, serve all over finally with the green liquid, and then rub with French chalk. These preparations and this treatment cause the surface of the tube and the patch to blend and become as one. This method of making permanent repairs

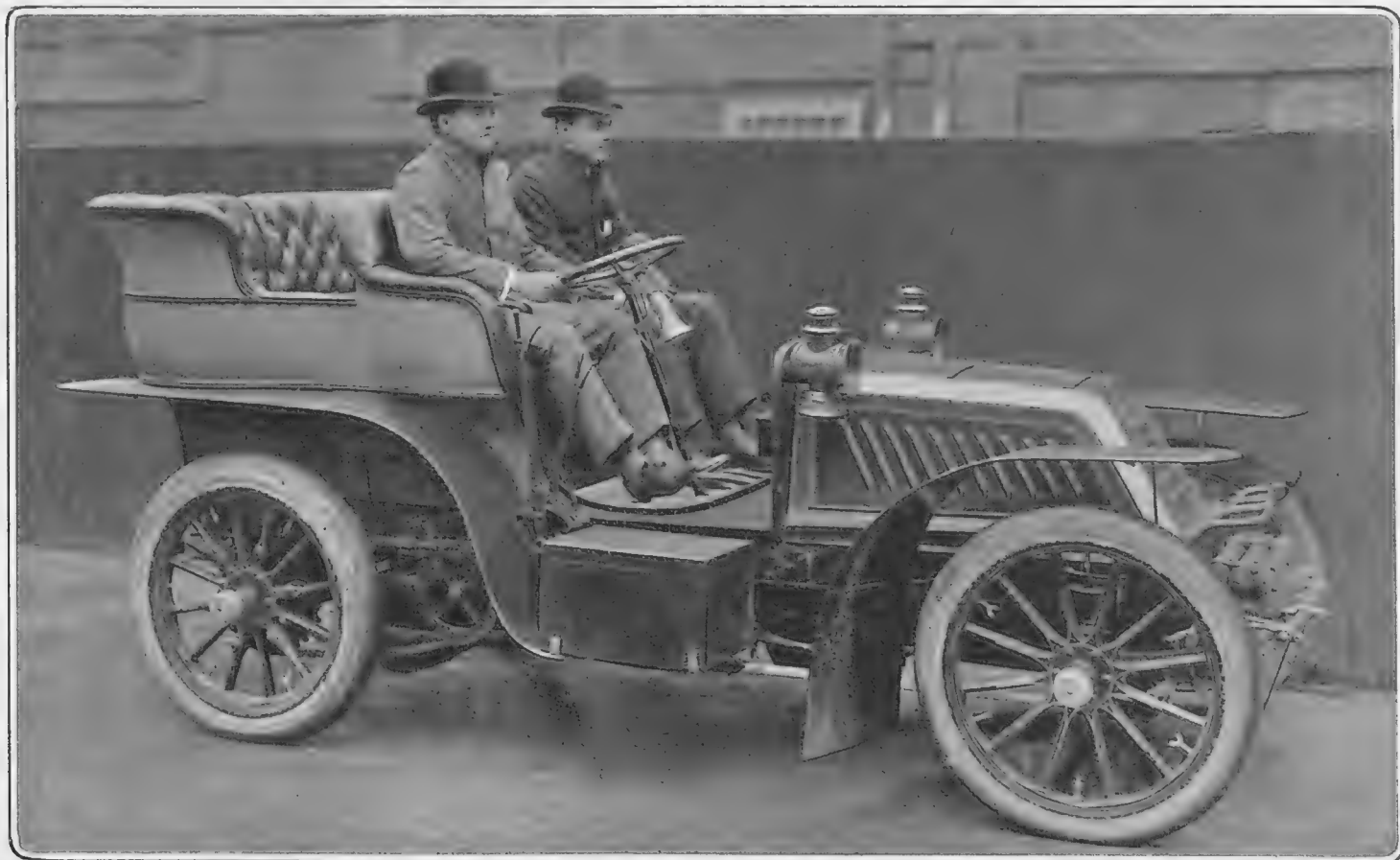
should be an inestimable boon to touring and other motorists living far from busy centres.

The Midland Automobile Clubs of Nottingham, Manchester, Leicester, Lincoln, and Sheffield lately made an amalgamated run to Buxton, at which no less than forty cars were present. The objective at the watering-place was the well-known and well-equipped Empire Hotel of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who, in connection with this fine establishment, have a most commodious and well-appointed garage, with electrically lighted inspection-pit and all conveniences. A resident engineer is always to be found on the premises. Many handsome and powerful cars were driven to the meet, the flower of the flock, perhaps, being Mr. Gerald Higginbottom's 60 horse-power Mercedes, which some days ago scaled the Great Orme at Llandudno.

The Thousand-mile Trials of the "A.C.G.B. and I." began at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday week by a series of searching brake-trials. The brakes of the cars which came successfully through the tests applied may be depended upon, and it says much for the advance which automobile construction has made during the last twelve months that the improvement in the brakes of 1903 over those of last year, when less severe tests were carried out upon the same steep pitch, excited the surprise of all the experts concerned. The descent selected for the experiments is a drop in 1 in 6½ on the road leading down to the cycling-track on the north side of the Palace grounds. The cars were required to run up to a mark and apply the foot-brake only, which then had to hold the vehicle stationary. Then, at a signal from the observer seated in the car, the vehicle was allowed to run free backwards for some yards and the foot-brake applied again, when it again had to hold.

The Mors car which his Grace the Duke of Manchester has just purchased from Messrs. C. S. Rolls and Co. is one of the fastest in existence. It has won numerous prizes, including second in "Class K" for the Flying Kilometre, the Cup presented by the Corporation of Cork for the Two-mile race, and the Kerry Cup for the Hill-climbing and Speed Handicaps. This car also established the world's record for the kilometre at Welbeck, covering the distance at the rate of 82.84 miles per hour, and in the Paris-Vienna race did the fastest measured time over a portion of the course.

The Duke of Manchester.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON AN EIGHTY HORSE-POWER MORS RACER.

Photograph by Argent Archer, Kensington.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Stewards—Manchester—Fixtures.

I CERTAINLY do think the Jockey Club should appoint a paid Steward to assist at all race-meetings. Under the present conditions, it is often found that a Steward is unable to raise an objection because he has had a bit on the race. I do not object to Stewards betting if they wish to; at the same time, I think the Steward who goes from the top to the bottom of the ring in attempting to back a winner is neglecting his legitimate work. A Steward, I take it, should be on the watch all the time to look out for happenings. When a Steward bets persistently, he is sorely tempted to seek for information, and although I, for one, do not know of a single Steward who could not be trusted to do his duty honourably in the case of an appeal, it certainly does not do the sport any good from the advertising

as he, in my opinion, beat Ard Patrick fair and square at Ascot last year. Field Rose may go close at Manchester, and Maori Chieftain, if properly wound up, is very likely to run into a place. I know this horse was highly tried when in Darling's stable, but seemingly he is a bit unreliable on the racecourse. Kano should win the De Trafford Handicap, Cossid the Lancashire Nursery, and Indian Corn the Palatine Handicap.

There is very little fresh to report on the Autumn Handicaps, although from one quarter or another I continue to receive tips for almost every animal engaged in both races. A very 'cute' division are going for Cappa White for the Cesarewitch. They contend that the



A MEET OF THE ORANGE COUNTY HUNT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

point of view when a Steward is backing horses. Many of the officials are exemplary men in this respect. For instance, Mr. Judge Robinson applies his talents to the placing of horses only. He takes no interest in racing outside his work, and when he leaves the racecourse he leaves the racehorses behind him. A paid Steward of the Robinson calibre would be an acquisition to the Turf.

There should be a big crowd of North Country sportsmen at the Castle Orwell enclosure on Friday and Saturday, as the executive have arranged a capital programme, though runners may be scarce. It is pitiful to note the small acceptance received for the Prince Edward Handicap, to be run on Saturday. The race is worth two thousand sovs., yet only forty-seven entries were received at the second time of asking, and, of those, twenty-one have declared forfeit. Of the lot left in, many represent the top class of handicap performers, and if only a dozen of the best of them went to the post the contest would be well worth watching. St. Maclou is not likely to run, and Major Beatty may be represented by Kilglass, who has a chance on the book. Templemore, supposed to be a two-mile horse, is a good one and may go close, but I like the chance of Cupbearer better. The Duke of Westminster's colt is an erratic animal, but he is a good one to go, and, if ridden by a strong jockey, he should as nearly as possible win,

horse's defeat of Wavelet's Pride at Sandown Park was the key to the situation, but the "Pride," who was giving away a lot of weight, may not have been quite himself that day. I shall continue to pin my faith to Zinfandel and Rightful, for the present at any rate. I am afraid Charley Wood and Jack Hammond would contradict me if I asserted that Zinfandel was the equal of St. Gatien as a three-year-old. However, he need not be to win this race, as he has less to carry than St. Gatien bore to victory. The Cambridgeshire is turning out the usual Chinese puzzle, more acute than of recent years owing to the number of French horses left in. The Earl of Carnarvon, according to rumour, has a big chance of annexing the spoils. I shall stick to Lavengro, who is improving daily.

CAPTAIN COE.

To no kind of English life does the wealthy American take more kindly than to sport. The smart Hunts often have generous support from those members of the New York "Four Hundred" who happen to be spending a winter in the Shires. That this is so is not surprising when one remembers that the United States boasts of several first-rate packs of hounds. It may, however, be hinted in this connection that, as yet, even the most dashing of American heiresses do not take kindly to cross-country riding, and hunting is still, at any rate on the other side of the Atlantic, a masculine form of amusement.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THIS last week of my life, the Fates, in combination with Celtic hospitality, have taken me to such remote districts as Wales is still capable of, and given me the opportunity, amongst others, of noting the havoc the recent gale wrought in these parts. The displacement of huge boulders fallen from native heights plump into a roadway, uprooted monarchs of the forest lying prone across the foot-path, parvenu rivulets suddenly grown big and swollen out of all knowledge of their former state, are a few of the most notable reminders. But the farmer knows of others, to his cost, and his mood cannot be a rejoicing one this harvest in any sense. But, apart from this lugubrious aspect of things, the country is frankly delightful at this present moment to those whom the exigencies permit a less painfully practical outlook. The ivy-blossom shines in the bright morning sunshine, the first ripe chestnuts fall from wind-tossed branches, and the cheerful popping of guns, now from turnips, now away on the moor, augur well for the "mixed bag" that will come in for the greater decoration of the larder later on. Decidedly — given certain environment — the country's the thing! Here the wild pursuit of pleasure involves no late hours, no vitiated atmosphere, and the racket of social life in town with engagements for every hour is exchanged, perforce, for a more restful existence which even the inevitable evening "Bridge" cannot discount. To women who live in town, those fortunate others whose headquarters are in the country are an object-lesson in the decorative values of pure air. Such complexions, such healthy vitality, such bright eyes and elasticity of figure! Not all the beauty-doctors from ancient Egypt to modern Paris can accomplish what sun and air and exercise and a judicious diet, advisedly, are capable of evolving in the face and form of lovely woman.

We all eat too much, too often, and too luxuriously nowadays, with a result that our harried constitutions revenge their injuries on our complexions, and rich food and sauces are evidenced in the sallow nuances of ten faces out of twelve. Apropos of food, the innovation of whole-wheat shredded and baked by electricity has lately attracted much attention by reason of its hygienic qualities. The preparation is called "Triscuit," and is due to American inventiveness in the first instance, the North American Indian having originally prepared his food by simply crushing the whole-wheat grains and then baking them

between heated stones. This simple method has been closely followed in the preparation of "Triscuit," now admittedly one of the foremost foods in its health-giving and brain-feeding properties. As a tea-table adjunct, the "Triscuit biscuits," made hot in the oven and sent up either dry or buttered, are quite excellent.

Though rather early in the season for pronounced modes to figure forth in the shop-windows, Paris, where we have been spending a frivolous five days, has quite made up her sartorial mind on all essential points, and in the best salons one is admitted to tentative skirmishings with facts of early futurity in hats, mantles, and frocks according to the splendour of one's status. Thus, if Madame finds in you a Duchess, and one therefore sufficiently strong to launch her specialities, you are shown every forthcoming development and departure of fashion to choose or regret at will. Say you happen to be a Transatlantic billionairess, the same, or nearly the same, secrets are spread forth before you. But given an ordinary well-to-do Briton and the High Priestess of Madame Mode goes warily, since much depends on the manner of launching her *spécialité* as to whether it is taken up or passed over, one meaning money and the other loss. It is, indeed, little understood of the people how much pains and intrigue are devoted year after year to the changes of fashion of which we think so little when once accomplished. What is called the Henri Deux hat, with pointed peak, high crown, and sharply turned-up brim at the back, is greatly in favour just now. In feather, felt, or fur it seems ubiquitous,

and is a decidedly more becoming shape than the pancake crowns of the past four seasons.

A "high novelty" which has not yet appeared in England is the mode of trimming gowns and mantles with fringes made of fur. Chinchilla and ermine look best. It seems a positive wickedness to cut up sable into the narrow strips required for these extravagant trimmings, but when does lovely woman ever stop to count the cost when fashion beckons her on to fresh folly? Fringes of other sorts, like chenille, wool, and silk, are in for a distinct revival, and the pelerine of our grandmothers in taffetas, with narrow fringes and pinked-out flounces, will be seen, together with its more wintry prototypes of fur and velvet, as the season advances. I have seen a lovely grey velvet gown at Beer's, accompanied by a chinchilla



AN INDOOR GOWN OF BLACK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

pelerine, a huge granny muff, and a high-crowned Henri II. hat of the same lovely fur, adorned with wreathlets of pink velvet rosebuds. All were going out to a Russian Grand Duchess, and the price which Beer just breathed was certainly Grand Ducal too!

Talking of grey velvet, I think Miss Granville's costume of that suave and subtle material in the second Act of "Billy's Little Love



THE ARMY MANŒUVRES: THE DEFENDERS AT NEWBURY.

Affair," at the Criterion, is one of the most successful stage gowns I have seen for long. The upper part of the sleeves, merely a lattice-work of glittering paste, consorts well with the skilfully draped velvet folds about the elbow. It is by no means the typical costume of the adventuress, but what a successful foil it makes to Miss Florence St. John's frankly vulgar if gorgeous yellow satin!

While on the subject of the theatre, one may revert to the matter of jewels. In these days, the productions of the Parisian Diamond Company make it possible for one to figure forth in all the sheen of diamonds and pearls at a mere fraction of the cost which previously obtained. The popular pear-shaped pearl, the dog-collar of perennial attraction, and the exquisite diamond tiara are all in the list of attractive adornments provided by the Company, and the workmanship is of the most finished description possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYNTHIA.—(1) It is doubtful if you will get your housemaids to clean the lattice-windows of your house. Even if in no danger, they will probably think it an encroachment on the dignity of the servants' hall. One has to go warily with the modern amazing domestic. Of course, you could get it done in France, but the Frenchwoman is a hard worker and a humble-minded one to boot. (2) Nothing so pretty as the *brise-bise* window-blind. You can get a good selection from Hampton or Maple.

ZID (Devon).—As far as my inexperience in such matters goes, I should think the simplest way for you to set about becoming "a lady detective" would be to apply to the various detectives who daily advertise in the *Morning Post*, *Times*, and other papers. Slater's, Justin Chevasse, and others put in daily advertisements. You would, no doubt, get all preliminary particulars from them. SYBIL.

Ladies' Clubs are becoming quite a feature in London life, the latest addition to the number being the "Ladies' Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland," the first Club of the sort to be established. From Oct. 1 the Hans Crescent Hotel will be its temporary headquarters, and the three Vice-Presidents are Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Lady Cecil Montagu, and Lady Beatrice Rawson.

Accelerated Service to Dresden and Vienna.—From Oct. 1 the service to Dresden and Vienna by the Harwich-Hook of Holland route will be greatly accelerated. Passengers leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 8.30 p.m., will be due to arrive at Dresden 10.4 p.m. the next day, instead of 12.55 p.m., and at Vienna, via Dresden, 7.35 a.m. the second day after departure, instead of 2.40 p.m.

In connection with the opening of the magnificent new Midland Grand Hotel at Manchester, it may be noted that the principal decorative and furnishing work has been carried out by the well-known firm of Waring and Gillow, Limited. This consists of a Royal suite comprising dining, drawing, writing, and sitting-rooms in different styles, both English and French; a fine oval restaurant in panelled oak and gold in the style of Louis XIV., a Jacobean oak-panelled billiard-room, a magnificent coffee-room in dull mahogany and ormolu ornament in the Georgian style, an arcaded grand lounge in white and marble, richly gilt, a private dining-room and drawing-room in the refined Adams style, and numerous private sitting-rooms and bedrooms.

A GREAT MEDICINE-MAN.

Mount Kenia, whose snowy peak, towering some eighteen thousand feet towards the heavens, has been the goal of numerous Central African explorers and the theme of many stirring tales, has yet another story to tell. While exploring the country to its south-east quite recently, a traveller found himself compelled to camp for the night in a region whose inhabitants were treacherous and unfriendly. Naturally enough under the circumstances, his slumbers were somewhat fitful, and, when awakened by a series of blood-curdling yells at two o'clock in the morning, he obeyed his first impulse and, rifle in hand, rushed from his tent, convinced that one of his men had been speared by the hostile natives. However, the explorer soon discovered that this was not the case, but that one of his porters, though sleeping close to the camp-fire, had been seized by a hyæna, which with one bite of its terrible fangs had laid open the poor fellow's cheek from ear to chin. Having no antiseptics ready to hand, the traveller seized a bottle of Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia, which he was in the habit of using in his bath, and, on the impulse of the moment, poured its contents unadulterated into the gaping wound. The result was astonishing, for, with no stitching or any other treatment beyond simple bandaging, the wound was completely healed in less than three weeks' time, and not the least sign of blood-poisoning supervened.

"My Lady Molly" continues to attract large audiences to Terry's Theatre, thus proving that genuine comic-opera with bright and tuneful music sung by clever performers still has attractions for a considerable section of playgoers. On Wednesday of last week, "My Lady Molly" celebrated her two hundredth performance, and in honour of the occasion each member of the audience, whether in stall, pit, or gallery, was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion. This consisted of a handsomely bound copy of the score of Mr. Sidney Jones's dainty and melodious opera.

ON THE TABLE.

"The Pool in the Desert." By Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Methuen. 6s.)—The book contains four short stories treating of life in India, Mrs. Duncan's favourite background.

"The Literary Sense." By E. Nesbit. (Methuen. 6s.)—Very slight sketches, written for the most part in humorous vein.

"On the Wings of the Wind." By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson. 6s.) "The Truthful Liar." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Methuen. 6s.) "The Woman who Dared." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.) "The Enthusiast." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen. 6s.)—Modern novels.

"The Wooing of Judith." By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)—A love-story of Virginia in the seventeenth century.

"Romney." By George Paston. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)—This dainty little book deserves especial notice as the first of a series entitled "Little Books on Art." There are to be thirty-one volumes, twelve dealing with subjects such as Roman Art, Book-plates, Furniture, and nineteen with artists themselves. This present volume contains forty illustrations and an excellent frontispiece of George Romney.

"Michael Angelo Buonarroti." By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. (Bell. 5s.)—The latest volume published in the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture."

"How to Become an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Pearson. 5s.)—The author goes very thoroughly into the question, as may be seen from the various headings to his chapters, which include "The Formation of Style," "The Business Side of Books," "Journalism," "Play-writing," &c.

"The A'Becketts of 'Punch.'" By Arthur William A'Beckett. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)—The volume is full of anecdotes of Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, John Leech, and a host of other celebrities with whom Mr. A'Beckett came in contact during his forty years of journalism.

"A Daughter of the Pit." By Margaret Doyle Jackson. (Cassell. 6s.)—The heroine, as the title leads one to imagine, is the daughter of a coal-miner, and the book gives a good picture of a great coal-mine in Lancashire.

"Shakespeare's Homeland." By W. Salt Braddington, F.S.A. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)—This handsome volume (which has as frontispiece a newly discovered portrait of Shakespeare, here reproduced for the first time) contains a series of sketches of Stratford-upon-Avon, the Forest of Arden, and the Avon Valley.



THE ARMY MANŒUVRES: SIR LESLIE RUNDLE (IN THE FOREGROUND) WITH THE INVADERS AT FOXFIELD.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.

THE MARKET POSITION.

SO far, the nineteen-day account has not proved more disastrous except to the Cabinet than was reasonably expected. Things have been very flat, and there is next to no business doing in any market; but, as this has been the state of affairs for many months, members of the Stock Exchange have, like the eels to their skinning, got accustomed to it. The break-up of the Cabinet is, of course, a depressing influence added to the many others which have for so long affected the Stock Markets, not because there is any reason to expect a lower level for Consols with Lord Rosebery for Prime Minister than with Mr. Balfour, but everything points to the early end of the present Parliament, and not even the most optimistic bull can pretend that a General Election will contribute to the increase of business in Capel Court. What the markets want is that the public should take some interest in stocks and shares, and if the country is to be plunged into the middle of a General Election,

*A good bang.*

nothing is more certain than that, until it is over, we shall have no revival of either speculation or investment business.

As far as we can see, the question of Chinese labour on the Rand is the only financial one which could be seriously affected by a change of Government; and the prospect of the Liberals coming into power, involving probably the recall of Lord Milner, may to some extent exercise an unfavourable effect on Kaffirs. The probabilities are, however, that the wreck of the Unionist Administration may hang together long enough to settle the labour question, and once settled, it is not likely that even an Administration in which Mr. Lloyd-George was Colonial Secretary would disturb matters.

On the whole, the political crisis can only make a serious difference to the Stock Exchange by retarding the long-hoped-for revival.

For our illustrations this week we have to thank the publishers of *Home Scraps* and Mr. Gould, the well-known cartoonist, by whose kind permission we reproduce the characteristic sketches on this page.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Yes," said The Jobber. "It has indeed come to this. I shall Resign!" And he looked round the carriage with an air of supremest virtue.

"Resign what?" asked The Engineer, who was always practical, as members of his profession are.

"Never you mind," returned the resigner, loftily.

"I expect he wishes he could resign his bull of Consols at a profit," and The Broker chortled to himself.

"Cannot you give us a lead in Consols?" The Merchant implored The Banker, earnestly. "I really don't know whether I ought to sell some of my Trust money that's in the Funds or not."

"Thereby you would have to sacrifice a large amount of capital if you realised, I premise?"

"The stock was bought over par, I fancy."

"Then I do not think the present time is at all an advantageous one for selling. We are prepared in Lombard Street to witness a further decline, but my own view, shared by a good many others, is that the price will eventually return to, say, 95 or thereabouts."

"Meanwhile, I have to go shelling out diff. month after month and looking as if I liked it," complained The Jobber. "I've a good mind to sell the stuff and cut my loss."

"I believe it would pay you to," said The Merchant, "although, as our friend here suggests it, I will keep what stock I've got locked up for the Trust."

"You'll get it back at 85," The Broker observed, with airy confidence. "I'll take five to one that the price goes to 85 before it goes to 91."

"Dare say you will." And The Merchant laughed. "Doesn't anybody else want to make money on the strict cheap?"

"Well, then," contended The Engineer, "if Goschens go down, so will Home Rails."

"To a moral cert. I don't know what we're all coming to." And The Broker cursed his cigar for having gone out.

"You'll go to a livelier place than the Stock Exchange if you swear like that," The Jobber reminded him. "I believe we've all got the ultramarines this morning. Can't somebody tell us something cheerful?"

"Old Smith died last night," The Engineer began; but his announcement formed the climax, and the carriage rocked with laughter.

"I can discern a little hope for Kaffirs!" cried the Merchant, as he read the latest labour news.

"And I shouldn't be surprised to see them put Yankees better," The Engineer went on. "Look how they've been shaken out."

"You have to remember," put in The Banker, "that the public in the States are just as apathetic as our people are here."

"In other words, you mean that the speculator in Americans is really playing against wire-pullers and not having a fair run for his money."

"I meant something very much like that," replied the old gentleman. "Speculation in such shares is a dangerous and a risky work, and I would do all in my own limited power to prevent British operators losing their money."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed The Jobber. "I need not resign, after all. You and I, sir, will form a Cabinet of two and give financial advice to all speculators; those from the Stock Exchange at preferentially high tariffs."

"I shall open a bureau of Retaliation," laughed The Engineer. "In such economic matters there should be Insular Free Trade."

"Insular free great-aunts!" scornfully retorted the other. "What advice would you give about Kaffirs, for instance?"

"Stick to what you hold and buy more to average," said the Opposition, like a flash.

"There you go! Do you expect to do business on those lines?"

"Well, what would your own answer be?"

"Shall we give them a specimen gratis, sir?" he asked The Banker.

The old gentleman smiled and rubbed his gold-rimmed glasses. He had caught the drift of the game, and was quite willing to enter into it.

"You kick off," said The Jobber, encouragingly; "I'm playing half-back."

"Quite a change for one who's generally far too forward," murmured The Broker. The other said nothing—just glared.

"We should say," The Banker began, "that holders of sound Kaffir shares, such as those upon which reasonably steady dividends have been paid, would do well to keep them, and possibly to add a few others to them at the current low prices."

"Exactly what I said myself," The Engineer interrupted, triumphantly. "Here, who's that kicking my shins?"

"Be quiet," The Jobber admonished him, aloud.

"But," pursued The Banker, evenly, "those who hold South Africans of the rubbishy type would do well to get what their shares will fetch and put the money into something of a better kind, in the same market if they like."

"Bravo, bravo!" And the Jobber stamped his feet in applause. "I couldn't have put it better myself."

"There's a magnificent advertisement for you!" quoth The Broker, sarcastically. "What more could he have said than that?"

The Engineer said he'd rather buy Trunks than Kaffirs for a quick rise.

"Quick rise?" queried The Jobber. "That's what I'm looking round for."

"Trunk Thirds, so long as you go for half a point at a time."

"Tisn't much of a margin."

"No, but only the bears make big profits nowadays. Some of the Argentine Government bonds are pretty cheap, you know."

"Oh, there are thousands of things that are cheap if people would only recognise it," groaned The Broker. "But what's the good of their being cheap when the public won't look at the Stock Exchange?"

"I see the papers are writing up Metropolitan Railway stock," remarked The Engineer. "There's good stuff, if you like—with a ten per cent. rise in it when the time comes for electrification. It's five times cheaper than District and less than two and a-half times the price."

"Public's very much like me in one way," said The Jobber, getting his umbrella out of the rack.

"How's that?" asked one innocent individual.

"It can't 'bear' to be a 'bull' just now. Good-morning, gentlemen all," and he alighted on the back of a stooping porter.

GRAND

TRUNKS.

The market was disappointed with the Grand Trunk traffic because it fell a couple of thousand below what had been anticipated, but the set-back was very slight and has amounted to nothing. For the half-year to date there is a gross increase of £272,000, and even for the week, £20,000, coming on top of a £15,000 increase last year, ought to be good enough. When the August statement is published, we feel sure it will show a substantial net improvement. The interest on the Company's stocks is slowly but surely growing, and, while

*Cover run off*

speculators look principally at the Third Pref. and Ordinary stocks, both the First and Second Preference, with a really good margin behind them, are becoming favourite mediums for investment and should steadily improve with the prosperity of the line and of the country.

HOME RAILWAY TROUBLES.

One thing after another comes to unsettle the British Home Railway Market, which has been pursued by a policy of pin-pricks worse than even Party politicians had to endure in Parliament. The latest, of course, is the Cabinet upset and consequent unsettling of people's minds, driving them far from the paths of investment or finance and creating a new sentiment of restlessness that may take months to subdue. In reference to their attractiveness, we can hardly say more than we have already done for the sound 4 per cent. investments now to be secured with ease and safety in the Home Railway list of Ordinary stocks. The statistics flung at our heads on every side—bewildering, contradictory, prejudiced—can be made to prove whatever their collators desire to demonstrate; but, escaping from this literally figurative conflict, we may take it as fairly certain that the dividends will be maintained for, at all events, a reasonable length of time, and that the stocks are, therefore, very cheap at their prices current. But who will buy them with the country in its present moil? We confess it is beyond us to answer our own query, and a further sagging-away in the absence of support is not unlikely.

WEST AFRICAN SIGNS.

Prudence might hesitate long before venturing to assume that a West African revival is near at hand, but the prophet may be forgiven for daring to indicate signs of an attempt to resuscitate this market before the end of the year. Without question, the weaker ones have been badly shaken in the Jungle, and the last slump went far to eliminate many of the weary bulls who had hitherto hung on in desperation, hoping that something might turn up to give the wheel of fortune a turn in their direction. For some reason or other, the very fair progress of the Ashanti group of late months has been quietly put on one side by those whose chief office was to magnify the poverty of the outlook as regards the Wassau and its kindred undertakings. Of course, the Wassau bears the palm of causing more disappointment than any other Gold Coast concern, and the repeated postponements of the first crushing have been enough to damp the faith of the staunchest bull. Now, however, the rainy season is virtually at an end, and within a few weeks the Jungle will again hum with civilised life.

SUNDRY INVESTMENTS.

When Treasury Bills of the British Government, with the same security as Consols, can be tendered for and obtained at a price which yields over 4 per cent. to the investor, what more does a man want? It is true the currency of the bills is six months only, but to many people it is a convenience to get a temporary security, especially when it yields such a good return. The "Man in the Street" does not understand the tender system, and cannot be bothered to get forms and fill them up, or the yield would not have been so good; but, for people with money on deposit earning only 2 or 2½ per cent., it is worth while to take a little trouble for the increased income, to say nothing of the better security.

Of an entirely different class are such things as Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock, Argentine Northern Central Extension bonds, or some of the best American Brewery Debentures, from a judicious selection among which 6 per cent. all round can easily be obtained with fair security. Some weeks ago, a member of the Stock Exchange in these columns called attention to the 6 per cent. Debentures of the New York Brewery, and stated that the profits had been more than double the Debenture interest even in the worst times, and a valued correspondent who had been looking into the matter could not understand, if this was so, why for several years the Preference-share dividend had been paid in Debenture stock and not in cash. We have been making inquiries, and find that the profits earned have always been as our Stock Exchange friend stated, but that, as the directors wanted the money for betterments, it was thought wiser to put the money into the business than pay it away. In the year 1901 the profits were £52,800, and after paying debenture interest (£19,800), providing for depreciation, &c., there was a surplus of £24,400, while in 1902 the profits were £58,600, and the surplus £28,400. The price of the debentures is 86 to 90, and the yield about 6½ per cent.; while the figures of the United States Brewing Company are even better, the price a trifle higher, and the yield correspondingly less.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

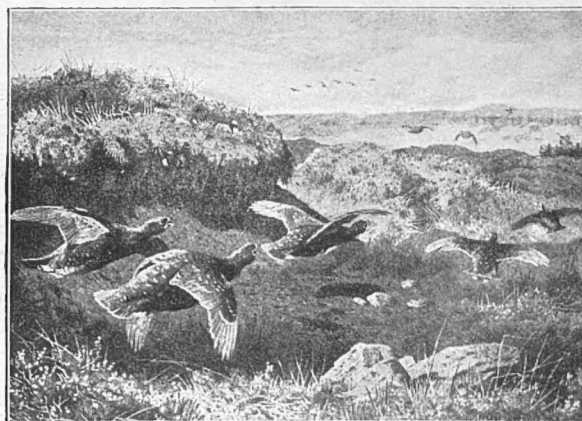
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OLIVE.—We think it is an unfavourable time to sell the Bread shares and should be inclined to hold for the present.

G. H.—Your second letter has been answered, and, we hope, satisfactorily.

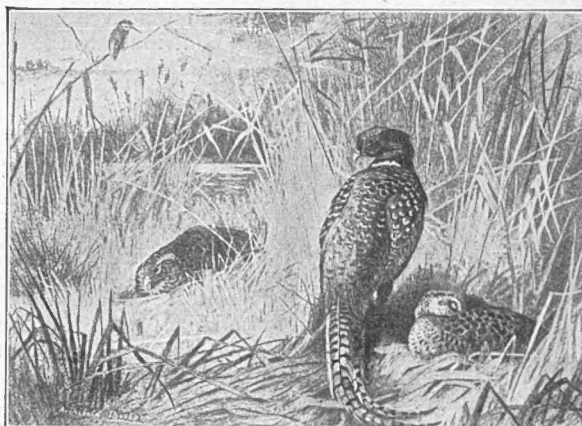
SIGMA.—As far as we can hear, the firm is all right. Nobody has whispered a word against them.

FINE-ART PLATES.



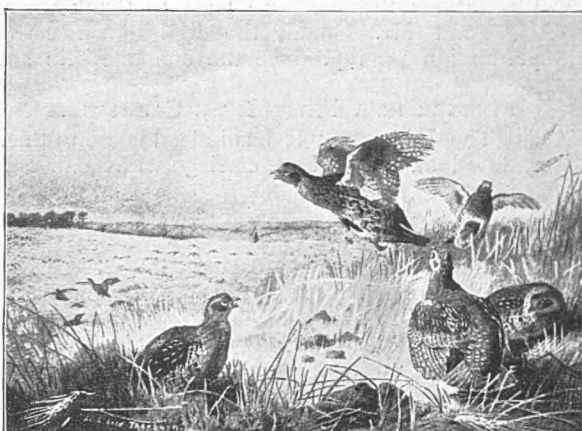
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